THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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WAITING FOR "MY SHIP."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY PHILA. H. CASE.

On my desolate island all alone
I sit on the rocks with a tearful eye,
And watch with many a heart wrung moan,
The beautiful white winged ships go by;
And the waves break up on the barren reefs,
And toss their foam capped heads in glee;
But they only mock at my thousand griefs,
For they bring no ship to my isle for me.

There is one now sweeping adown the bay,
With banners afloat on the stirring breeze;
And rapturous music, thrilling and gay,
Comes floating back o'er the murmuring seas.
Her name is Hope, the gayest of all,
And her crew is happy as crew can be,
And though I have hailed her with piteous call,
She never will stop at my isle for me.

And the one that floats with easy grace,
And sails as white as the drifting snow,
Leaving a glittering, silver trace
In the water that flashes across her bow,
Ah! that is the beautiful ship of Love,
And I've called as loud as call I might,
But with never a word, like a languid dove,
She floated silently out of sight.

And still far out through the brooding gloom
I can catch a glimpse of a passing sail,
But it nothing recks of my weary doom,
As it glides away in the freshening gale.
I can see the glimmer of rosy light
In its wake, where the golden sunbeams play,
And the spray dressed ripples are soft and bright,
That follow her where she glides away.

And I clasp my hands in mute despair,
And my shivering soul grows sick with dread;
The chilling vapors have drenched my hair,
And my feet on the sharp, rough rocks have bled.
And still alone on my desolate isle,
I sit and gaze far over the sea,
With a lingering hope that after awhile
Some beautiful ship will come for me.

THE NIGHT TRAIN.

"You must travel alone, then, Ned, my boy. It is a tiresome thing, but it can't be helped. At latest I shall be at C——— in good time on the wedding morning. Tell Carry so, with my love," said my father, laughing off his vexation at being thus peremptorily detained in London. These were the circumstances of the case. My engagement—a two years' engagement, insisted upon by my own parent no less than by Admiral Lethbridge, that the "young people might know their own minds," most unreasonable and unnecessary as the delay had appeared to those principally concerned—was drawing to a happy close. I was to marry dear pretty Carry Lethbridge, with the full consent and approval of both families. The wedding-day was drawing near, and my sister, Clara, who was to be one of the bridesmaids, was staying at C——— with Caroline and her mother and sisters, in anticipation of the ceremony. Rear-Admiral Lethbridge resided at C———, and there, of course, the marriage was to take place. And my father and I had intended going down to C——— some three days before the wedding, and taking up our quarters at the hotel there. By the merest hazard, or apparent hazard, the execution of this plan was prevented, so far as my father's share in it was concerned.

Let me explain how matters stood. My father was a widower, and he had but two children, Clara and myself. It was well understood that his considerable property was to be divided between us at his death, the largest share accruing to myself as his only son. He was a great merchant; few names were held in higher respect in the world of commerce than that of John Henley, and indeed it was owing to his very high reputation for commercial sagacity and business experience that the delay in his leaving London originated, with all its after consequences.

Mr. Henley had been summoned as a witness before a Parliamentary Committee of the House of Lords, and it had been notified to him that although, in consequence of frequent adjournments, his evidence might not be called for for a day or two, it was necessary that he should be in actual attendance, lest "My Lords" should find the private bill in hand pass more rapidly through its preliminary stages than was expected. The Parliamentary lawyer by whom my father was subpœnaed was civil enough to add that the committee could by no means dispense with Mr. Henley's very valuable testimony and advice.

"Very complimentary; but uncommonly tiresome," said I, really annoyed, in spite of the usual unselfishness of a young man and a lover; for my father and I were on terms of much confidence and affection, and I was aware that he had looked forward to this trip as one of his rare holidays.

"The Lethbridges will be sorry, and so will Clara be. Cannot you come, after all?"

My father laughed.

"No, no, Edgar," said he; "I should expect to see Black Rod draw my curtains at the dead of night, come to take me into custody for petty treason at least. Committees must be obeyed. But never mind! I shall be with you on Saturday, before the wedding breakfast is laid out, or the postilions have pinned on their white satin favors. And now I must be off to Westminster. You go by the night train, of course?"

My father and I shook hands, and we parted. It was then about the hottest time of a sultry afternoon in summer. The month was June according to the almanac; but as far as temperature went, it might have been August, so still was the heated air, stirred by no kindly breeze. It was one of those days which, to a man cooped up in the stifling city, suggested an almost resistless longing for green fields and clear streams, and the sweet fresh breath of the woodlands. As I paced the glaring white pavement, baked and gritty under the sunbeams, I thought joyously of my approaching emancipation from the wilderness of brick and mortar. To-morrow I should be walking slowly and happily by Carry's side along the familiar meadow paths, through the long grass speckled with daisies and golden kingcups, and past the huge horse-chestnuts that towered aloft like pyramids of snow-white blossoms. To-morrow—but what mattered my expectations, never to be realized? It is mercy that withholds from our eyes, in such a case as mine, with what the morrow may be fraught.

I turned into Bond Street, where a double stream of carriages flowed slowly and struggligly past and where the crowd of lounging foot passengers was at its height. But the accustomed sights of coroneted hammercloths, priceless horses champing the silver-mounted bits that held them back at every fresh "lock" and stoppage of the entangled equipages, and well-dressed ladies leaning back languidly in their well-appointed barouches, and bound for the Park, were scarcely heeded, so busy were my thoughts with the future. A few hours and I should be far away; a few days, and Caroline Lethbridge and Edgar Henley would have started on life's voyage together, as prosperous and happy a young pair as ever determined to face the world, side by side. Nor had I much superfluous time on my hands. One or two places I had to call at, and afterwards I was engaged to an early dinner at my club with two or three of the oldest and best of my bachelor friends, anxious, as they said, to "see the last of me." My preparations for leaving London were all but complete. My packing was done, and it had been settled that my father's old servant, who was the most punctual and steady of men, should convey my effects to the railway terminus, so that my own proceedings might be unembarrassed by any anxiety respecting portmanteau and hat-boxes. I did not expect to be in London again for some time, since we had agreed to spend the first months of our married life in Germany and Switzerland, and there had even been some talk of a more protracted residence abroad.

My first call was at the shop of the well-known court jewelers (Miles and Henderson,) and its object was to fetch away a certain set of pearl and ruby ornaments which my father had ordered, and which were his presents to his future daughter-in-law. Mr. Henley had looked forward with pleasure to placing these costly toys in the bride's hands; but since he had been compelled to postpone his arrival at C———, he had goodnaturedly, but firmly, insisted that I should take the jewels down with me, and give them to Carry in his name. I had not seen the design of the ornaments but I was aware that the device was a new and well-chosen one; and from my father's liberality, of which I had since childhood received so many proofs, I had little doubt that the gift would prove to be a splendid one.

As I was in the act of opening the jewelers' door, a man passed me so closely as to brush my elbow, and, turning his head, looked me for a moment in the face. His own face was a remarkable one, or rather would have appeared remarkable elsewhere than in London, where the natives of all countries are every day to be met, jostling each other unnoticed in the midst of the great seething stream of restless human life that fills our streets. This person, evidently a foreigner, was about forty years of age, wore spectacles, a bushy red-brown beard, and a threadbare suit of black, shabby, but well brushed and neat. So far his appearance corresponded more or less accurately with that of a legion of professors, doctors, and philosophers, dubious hangers-on of the learned professions, whom Red Republican tenets and police hostility have landed in the limbo of Leicester Square. But I could not help feeling a thrill of repugnance and dislike at the aspect of that broad, flat, white face with its Tartar coarseness of feature, the sharp white teeth just visible between the thin lips, and the long narrow eyes blinking catlike through the glasses of the spectacles. Can you fancy a white-faced tiger, badly pitted by the smallpox, walking erect in human guise, and stealthily pursuing his way through a jungle, not of trees, but of houses? Such was the impression which the first glimpse of that foreigner's face made upon me. In the next I laughed at myself for my folly.

"The poor man cannot help his ugliness," said I to myself, as I followed the shopman to his employers' studio on the first floor, near the glittering show-rooms; "he is a Russian, of course, too advanced in political ideas, no doubt, to please the Czar and the police prefect. Not a very pleasant person, though, to trust with a guillotine if his party should ever be uppermost."

And then Mr. Miles, bald and florid, came civilly forward to welcome me, and I forgot the Russian, and all connected with him.

"Certainly, my dear sir, certainly," said the jeweler, unlocking the strongest of safes with the tiniest of Bramah keys, and tossing over a quantity of scrips labelled with the names of half the duchesses and countesses in the Red Book.

"Here is the set that your esteemed father, Mr. Henley, was so good as to order. Very old and respected customer of ours, is Mr. Henley. I sold him—dear me! thirty years ago it must have been—a set of emeralds for Mrs. Henley's wearing. Not a very costly set, but in good taste, in capital taste. Mr. Henley had but lately come back, then, from Calcutta. His was a new name, then, on the Royal Exchange, and in the Bank parlor. No name higher, now; but his taste was always excellent, always. Here the stones are."

And the talkative old man, who was reputed to be enormously wealthy, but who stuck to his shop like a barnacle to its rock, and never forgot a customer, opened first one and then another of the dark morocco cases, and showed me the jewels my father had ordered. A very superb present it was, tastefully magnificent, and such as a peeress might have been proud to wear. I was quite dazzled by the first flash of the sparkling necklace, the blood-red rubies glinting the brighter for the moony lustre of the pure white pearls. I had expected that the jewels would prove handsome, but their beauty far surpassed my anticipations, and I felt a certain nervous uneasiness at the idea of walking London streets with such valuables in my pocket. Spray, and brooch, and bracelets, rings, and earrings, and tiara, were all equally splendid and elegant; and I was half disposed to scold my father for his generosity, but consoled myself with the recollection that nothing could possibly be too good for Carry Lethbridge. Old Mr. Miles accompanied me to the street door, chatting as volubly as was his practice, his tongue running mostly on the splendor of the wares he had just delivered over to my charge.

"Pretty, very pretty, the design," he said, as he opened the plate-glass door of the shop. "And as for the stones, I defy the sharpest eye to make out a flaw in any one of the rubies. Better stones never came from Ceylon, nor pearls of a finer water. Ah! Mr. Henley, it is not every one who is able to give such presents as your good father. I sent a set nearly similar, last week, for the wedding of Lady Florence Fetherton, but not so fine. I give you my word, as a tradesman of fifty years' standing, not so fine."

I think those words were either uttered in a louder tone than the rest of the jeweler's discourse, or a lull in the roll and rumble of the carriages made them unusually distinct, but at any rate three or four of the passers-by turned their heads inquisitively towards old Mr. Miles and myself, as we stood in the open doorway. And among those three or four was the ugly foreigner with the red-brown beard. He was repassing the shop, coming down from the opposite direction to that in which he had previously been walking. A coincidence, no doubt! Merely a coincidence.

I beckoned to the driver of a hansom, sauntering past in quest of a fare, and rattled down to the club. It wanted some time as yet to the dinner hour, but I preferred waiting at the club for my friends' arrival to driving back to my father's house in Harley street. The second editions of the morning papers had just come in as I arrived, and there was a hum and buzz of conversation going on upon the subject of some important telegrams from America which they contained. It was just then that McClellan was meeting with his first reverses, if I remember rightly, in his peninsular campaign, and I gladly secured one of the copies of the Times, and applied myself to read. In vain. A strange feverish listlessness oppressed me; there was a dull weight upon my spirits, and my mind seemed to be possessed by a sort of aimless activity that wearied my thoughts to no purpose. In vain I fixed my eyes upon the newspaper, resolved to concentrate my faculties upon Mr. Reuter's telegrams. The big black words swam before my eyes, and the sounding sentences were barren of meaning. Had I at that moment been put on my examination before the sternest of commissioners, with all I valued at stake on the results, I could not for my very life have given a lucid definition as to who was fording the Chickahominy, or passing the James River, or what the bone of contention might be. Vague, formless apprehensions of some invisible danger, of something too shadowy to be boldly grappled with, floated through my brain, and I found myself looking forward with positive dislike to the solitary journey that lay before me that night.

All these gloomy fancies vanished, however, at the first grasp of a friendly human hand, and the first sound of a friendly human voice. I was in excellent spirits at dinner-time, and took the fire of good-humored banter with which my companions plied me—in very good part. We lingered rather longer over our wine than I had anticipated, while we talked of old days, and wondered when our next meeting would be; but at last I jumped up, looked at my watch, and found that I must drive fast if I meant to catch the train. I shook hands cordially with my friends, and bade them good-bye; and, amid a shower of hearty wishes for my future happiness, left the club. A hansom cab had been called for me by one of the messengers, and I found it drawn up by the curbstone, as I briskly descended the steps. It was twilight by this time in the streets, and the lamps had long been twinkling. I noticed, as I stepped into the cab, that another, a four-wheeler, was stationed a few doors off, and that a man's head was protruded through the open window nearest the pavement, but the instant I looked that way, the head disappeared into the interior of the vehicle like that of a tortoise within its shell. I did not give a second thought to this circumstance.

"Drive fast, my man. I want to hit the night train for C———. Half a crown extra if we don't miss it."

The cab bowled swiftly off, and the streets being clearer than at an earlier hour, we met with no interruption, until, suddenly, in a narrow part of one of the most frequented thoroughfares, a lock occurred, in which a string of carts and wagons, two or three cabs, and a dray, were entangled confusedly together. There was the usual exchange of oaths, street witticisms, and abuse, the usual cracking of whips, grinding of wheels, and interference of a single bewildered policeman, but the provoking feature of the case was the great probability that I should lose the train. My charioteer had been forced up a narrow cross street by the pressure of the loaded vehicles in front, and as he flourished his whip, and rated the carters and draymen in no measured terms, I looked anxiously about me for signs of a clearance. Then it was that I noticed hard by the very same cab, drawn by a flea-bitten light gray horse, that had been stationed close by my club door. By the dim light of the street lamp, I could see that the horse was in a lather of foam, and had evidently been forced along at a great pace. The windows of the cab were close shut, hot and stifling as was the atmosphere of that reeking and crowded quarter of London. But just as I had conjectured that probably the occupants of the cab, like myself, were eager to catch some train, the lock of carriages broke up, and I was borne quickly to the terminus.

"Your luggage is labelled, Mr. Edgar, and ready to be put into the van," said old Jones, my father's confidential servant, touching his hat respectfully. "I have put the rugs and sticks, and fishing-rods, into an empty first-class carriage, third from the book-stall to the left."

"Very well, Jones. Just see the luggage put in. I must get my ticket," answered I, and hurried to the ticket office, where several impatient passengers were jostling and elbowing one another, while a stout lady, one of those voluble but unprotected female travellers who are the scourges and torments of all officials, was blocking up the window, and holding a long and discursive argument with the booking clerk, on the subject of her fare, her change, her preference of slow trains and cheapness to express trains and high charges, and the best way in which she could reach some cross country line eighty miles off. At last, however, even this lady voyager's demands, or the clerk's patience, being exhausted, I managed to crush my way to the window, and to take my ticket for C———.

"First-class to C———, monsieur!" said a peculiarly harsh and strident voice at my elbow, with a slight but perceptible foreign accent in its tones, and I glanced around at the man, who was thrusting a half-washed muscular hand, decorated by a heavy gold signet-ring, past me to lay his money on the counter.

With some surprise I recognized the Russian whom I had seen twice on that very afternoon in front of the jeweler's shop. The recognition did not appear mutual. He never looked at me, but redemanded his ticket in a quick angry manner, and, having got it, fell back and mingled with the crowd.

By the time I had reached the carriage, third from the bookstall, I saw Jones approach along with the guard, who unlocked the carriage, held open the door for my entry, and, having received the usual silver compliment that has now become a vested interest on railways, closed and relocked it, saying that I should "have the compartment to myself, if I wished to smoke." Then Jones, after asking if he could take any message to "master," touched his hat and vanished. I remained alone, lazily gazing out of the window at the lively scene which the well-lighted platform presented. The usual bustle which precedes the departure of a train was going on. Porters were wheeling heavy barrowloads of luggage rapidly past me, all the quicker in their movements because the warning bell had begun clanging for the first time; mail-guards were dragging along the huge sacks of letters that were impatiently awaited by the sorters in the post-office carriage; newspaper boys were thrusting evening journals into the faces of nervous passengers, wistfully leaning out to see after the safety of those trunks that the porter had glibly assured them would "be all right;" and Paterfamilias was gathering his strayed family around him, or wrangling over a charge for overweight.

"Open this door, you guard! Halloo, guard! Open the door of this carriage, will you?"

It was thus that my reverie was broken in upon. A strange traveller, with a railway rug over his arm, was roughly shaking the door of the compartment where I sat alone. The guard came up rather reluctantly. Railway guards are discriminating persons as to social

condition, and the new-comers coarse manners and husky voice were not calculated to inspire respect.

"First-class, sir?" asked the guard, and when the man, with a curse, produced his ticket, the guard was still too loyal to my tacit compact with him to permit the invasion of my privacy without an effort to preserve it.

"First to C———, sir? This way, please. Plenty of room here." And he tried to draw the intruder towards a distant carriage that was half full. But this manœuvre failed.

"There is plenty of room in this carriage. Look sharp and let me in," said the obstinate traveller, and the guard, being an English and not a French official, succumbed, and unlocked the door.

He apologized to me in a gruff whisper—

"Couldn't help myself, sir."

"Never mind," said I, smiling, and applied myself to observing the new-comer, who sat down, not opposite to me, but in the middle partition, full in the glare of the lamp. In a very short time I had, as I thought, taken the measure of this not very delightful fellow voyager. He was a young man, perhaps a year my senior, strongly built, and with rather a handsome face, sadly marred by very evident traces of dissipation. He wore a coat of sporting cut, a blue "birdseye" scarf, with a horse-shoe pin in it, and a great deal of dubious jewelry in the shape of rings, watch-chain, and dangling trinkets. The railway rug, that lay across the knees of his tight-fitting drab trowsers, was of a gaudy pattern, yellow and red. His eyes were bloodshot, his voice thick, and he smelt very strongly of bad tobacco and bad brandy. To all appearance he was a betting man, or sporting "gent" of the lower substratum of that uninviting class.

The bell rang for the last time. There was the customary final rush and scurry of belated passengers and porters, and the voices of the newspaper boys grew shriller and more excited. Then the guards sprang to the steps of their vans, and the station-master looked warily up and down the line, prepared to signal the engine-driver. At that moment a man came darting across the platform, tore open the door, jumped in, and sat down opposite to me. A policeman ran up and shut the door.

"All right, Saunderson!"

The train began to move. I looked at my opposite neighbor, and could hardly repress an exclamation of surprise and vexation. The Russian! Yes, there was no mistaking the man. I knew that red-brown beard, that flat tigerish face, those long crafty eyes, black and narrow as an American Indian's, perfectly well.

I had seen the man at the ticket-window, certainly, but that was more than ten minutes ago, and I had been confident that he had long since taken his seat in some other compartment of the train. Such, however, was not the case. I was fated, it seemed, always to be in contact with this person, for whom I had conceived an antipathy that was perhaps unjust, but was not the less decided. There was a look of stealthy fierceness and greasy self-sufficiency about the man which would have been distasteful to most people. His was one of those faces that conveyed to those who looked upon it at once a threat and a warning. And, after all, was it a coincidence that had brought me so often face to face with this grim foreigner? Certainly it might have been pure accident which caused him to witness both my entry into and exit from the jeweler's shop. It might have been mere hazard which made him my fellow traveller by the same train and carriage. And yet I could not help somehow connecting the four-wheeled cab drawn by the gray horse, the cab that had been stationed near the club door, that had appeared in the street stoppage, with the sudden appearance of the Russian at the terminus of the railway. Had he dogged me all that evening, tracking me with a blood-hound's pertinacity from the jeweler's door to the railway carriage? It was possible, though not likely. But in vain I tried to dismiss the idea as silly and romantic. It recurred again and again. And yet why should he or any one dog my steps?

The answer to this self-question soon came. The jewels!—the costly set of pearl and ruby ornaments I carried about me, and of which this man had probably overheard the garrulous old jeweler make mention! And yet the Russian had hardly the air of a pickpocket. There was something defiant and arrogant in his look, and an undefinable air of education clung to him in spite of his shabby exterior. And as for violence, I had a young man's confidence in my own power to cope with any single antagonist, and besides, I was not alone with him. So far my thoughts had gone, while I gazed abstractedly from the window, as if marking the last lights of the London suburbs as the dark hedges and dim meadows succeeded to houses and factories, but then I cast a glance around and saw a sight which caused me an involuntary thrill of alarm. The two passengers in the carriage were rapidly and secretly conversing by means of signs!

There could be no doubt upon the point. The two men who were my sole companions in that rapid and lonely journey, ill-looking desperadoes, each in his separate style, were accomplices. Up to that moment I had not for an instant suspected any collusion between the two. They came at different times, one was English, the other a foreigner, and between the shabby lecturer and the betting man, sodden with drink and attired in flashy finery, any previous acquaintance seemed improbable. Yet there they were, rapidly communicating with one another by means of some thieves' alphabet of finger telegraphy, unaware as yet that I had observed them. So far as I could make out, the foreigner was urging the other to some course which the latter was reluctant to pursue.

I am not, I believe, one whit more disposed to timidity than most of my fellow countrymen, and yet I must confess that my blood ran cold and my heart almost ceased beating as the truth dawned upon me. I was the victim evidently of an artful and treacherous scheme. That cab—that sudden appearance of the Russian at the terminus—that persistency of his English confederate to occupy a seat in the carriage where I sat alone! All was clear to me now. Robbery, no doubt, was the object of the two villains in whose company I was shut up, and probably they would hesitate at no crime to obtain possession of the valuable jewels I so incautiously carried about my person. Both were strong men, probably armed too; and though I braced my nerves and set my teeth for a struggle, I had little hope of a successful resistance, none of rescue. The train was racing fast through the black stillness of a moonless night. There was to be no stoppage short of C———, and hours must elapse before that station was reached.

At the moment when my thoughts had travelled thus far, I made some slight movement; the Russian looked up, and our eyes met, and the villain saw that his bye-play had been observed, and instantly threw off the mask. Grinding out an oath between his set teeth, he rose from his seat. I rose, too; and as the Russian noticed the action he sprang like a tiger at my throat, grappling with me so closely that the blow I dealt him took but partial effect. Linked together, we wrestled furiously for a few seconds, rising and falling; but I was the younger and more agile of the two, and had nearly overpowered my enemy, when his confederate came to his aid, and dealt me a succession of crushing blows upon the head with some heavy weapon, beneath which I fell, stunned and helpless, with my face covered with blood, and my strength and senses left me. When I came to myself again, the ruffians were rifling my pockets as I lay on the floor of the carriage. The Russian had opened one of the morocco cases that held the ornaments, and he was examining the gems by the light of the lamp overhead. The other villain was searching for fresh plunder. He was livid with agitation, I noticed, and his face was blotched with crimson, and damp with heat-drops, while his hands trembled very much. He it was who first spoke, in a husky whisper.

"What shall we do with him?"

"*La belle affair!* Toss him out! The fall won't hurt him!" sneered the Russian.

It was plain that they believed me to be dead. I lay still, resolved that no cry, no twitching of an eyelid, should betray that life was still not extinct. Too well I knew that mercy was hopeless, and that my chance would be far better if flung out, at the risk of being mangled and crushed beneath the whirling iron wheels, than if I remained in that luxurious first-class carriage, with those two wild beasts in human guise, ready to finish their work at the first sign that I yet lived. The Russian leaned out of the window, and cautiously opened the door. I felt the chill of the fresh night wind upon my cheek as I lay. Then I had to summon all my resolution to my help, to repress a shudder as the murderers stooped and lifted me up, one taking me by the head, and the other by the feet, as butchers carry a slaughtered calf. The Englishman breathed hard, and trembled perceptibly as he dragged me towards the gaping doorway.

"I don't half like the job," he growled out.

The Russian gave a scornful laugh.

"Pitch the carrion out, *blanc bec* that you are! One, two, three, and over with him."

I remember one agonized moment of suspense as I was violently thrust forward, one hurried frenzied prayer that rose from my heart to my lips, but was drowned by the roar and rush of the long train of massive carriages as they tore along the iron way. I was launched out, and felt myself falling, and then I dropped with a crash, and my brain reeled, and sensation seemed again to desert me.

On coming gradually to myself, my first vague perception was that I formed a part of some vast moving body speeding swiftly along, swinging and swaying, but rushing fast through the cool night air. Then, as memory returned, I began to realize my position. In falling, when the assassins had thrown me out of the carriage where the robbery had taken place, I had dropped upon the wooden plank that runs like an elongated step below the carriages, and my hand had closed mechanically, in a clutch like that of a drowning man, on some projecting portion of the iron-work above, which I presently conjectured to be the prop of one of the iron steps by which passengers ascend. And there I clung instinctively, like a limpet to a rock, while the swerving, swinging train flew madly on through the black night. It was a position of fearful peril. True, I had escaped immediate death; but to all appearance my fate was only deferred. The train was not to halt till it reached C———; I despaired of being able to hold on till then, for already my cramped sinews seemed to be stiffening, and my attitude was a painful and uneasy one. And by night there was no hope that my danger would be observed, and an alarm given as I was hurled, helpless and despairing, through the darkness. The wounds I had received in the head caused me a dull, aching pain, and I was weak with loss of blood; but my thoughts were coherent and clear. I knew my risk well. If I fell *now* I must certainly be left behind, a mutilated corpse, torn to fragments by the cruel wheels that whirred and spun close by me. My only chance was to hold on—to hold on till I reached C———, if my strength lasted so long. Once or twice I essayed a cry for help, but my feeble voice was lost in the noise of the train. And presently I felt thankful that it had not been heard, for, from the window of the carriage to the left of where I lay crouched, was protruded the head of a man who peered out into the night; and I shrunk still closer to the woodwork as I recognized in the faint lamplight the flat white face, the red-brown beard, the tigerish grin of the Russian, my late fellow-traveller. He did not see me, however, but resumed his place with a well satisfied air.

On we went through the silent country, with scream, and rush, and roar,—now diving into tunnels, now ploughing our way between deep banks, now among the dark trees and hedges. On past the lighted stations, where the signal was made that the road was clear, and where policemen and porters, and passengers waiting for some slower train that stopped there, were to be seen watching us as we flew past. But they never saw me as I clung, with desperate gripe and aching limbs, to the swiftly-hurrying mass of wood and iron. Twice during that phantom ride I heard the shriek of the steam-whistle of a coming train, and twice I saw the red lamps and flame of the advancing engine, glaring through the dark like the angry eyes and lurid breath of some monstrous creature rushing down upon its prey. And then, with clang, and clash, and deafening roar, and in the midst of a gust of wind caused by its rapid progress, the long array of carriages went by me. On, on, as if impelled by a demon's force, we flew; and still feebler grew my arm, and I felt despair and fatigue benumb my faculties, and was half tempted to let go my hold and drop, and face the worst at once beneath the grinding sway of the merciless wheels.

Should we never be at C———? How long would that hideous night continue? Was it possible that my tired muscles would much longer endure the strain upon them? And then came a new thought. I remembered that in dear Carry's last letter she had made me half-playful promise that she and my sister Clara and the rest would come down to the station and meet me there on the arrival of the night train. That recollection filled my tortured heart with a new anguish, as I thought of our mutual love, of the wedding-day so soon to come, and of poor Caroline's grief when she should be left, widowed of the betrothed bridegroom of her choice. And then the mental pain was conquered by physical weakness and distress, and my dulled brain preserved nothing but a vague terror lest I should fall—fall beneath those pitiless iron wheels so close to me. And then I seemed to fall again into a waking dream, through which the lights of C——— station gleamed very brilliantly.

Real lights! a real crowd! though the figures seemed to waver dimly before my dazzled eyes. The train had come to a dead stop. We really were at C———. I saw a commotion among those on the platform. I heard a shout of surprise, and men came running and lifted me from where I lay, and carried me between them into the station, the centre of a number of eager faces and cries of pity, amazement, and alarm. Among those faces was that of Caroline Lethbridge, and as she saw me, pale, bloody, and apparently dead, and heard me called dead by the heedless tongues around her, I tried in vain to speak, as I saw her totter and sink fainting in my sister's arms. And then I swooned again, and when medical care and rest brought back my senses, I read in the pitying looks of those about me that some fresh grief was in store for me. It was even so.

My Caroline was dangerously ill of a brain-fever, and it was many and long months before her health was fully restored. As for myself, a long illness followed, but youth and a strong constitution finally triumphed. When at last our marriage took place, it was marked by a seriousness unusual on such occasions, for two happy young lives had come near being blighted by one foul stroke.

As for the Russian and his accomplice, all clue to them and to the stolen jewels was lost. Yet, soon or late, in this world or the next, I cannot doubt that Justice will claim her own.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DEC'BER 10, 1864.

LOOK OUT!

We have reason to believe that several individuals are in the field, claiming to be travelling agents of the Lady's Friend, and professing their ability to take subscriptions at less than the regular prices.

We have no special and favored agents to get subscriptions either for the Lady's Friend or The Post, and none for whose contracts we are in the least responsible. And the mere fact of offering to take subscriptions at less than the regular prices, should convince every sensible man and woman that the professed agent is an impostor.

That men and women will trust their money to individuals of whom they have no knowledge, in preference even to their own acquaintances, in the hope of saving a few cents, is curious indeed.

We hear of these travelling agents already in Black Earth, Wisconsin, and in Centre and Susquehanna counties, Pennsylvania.

Beware of them. If you join a club, join one in your own neighborhood. You had better send the price of a single subscription direct to us by mail, than lose your money by listening to some plausible rascal, who professes his ability to give you some unfair advantage over others. *We should be obliged to our friends of the country press, if they would call attention to these impostors.*

THE COMING YEAR.

In order to give plenty of time to those desirous of making up Clubs for The Post, as well as for The Lady's Friend, we insert the Prospectus of each periodical in the present number.

The only difference between the terms in the Prospectuses, and those we have had standing for some weeks past, is in the offer of a Sewing Machine on certain conditions.

This offer is as low as we can make it, and our terms will not be deviated from. It must be remembered that the price of the machine—which is Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3, the same as that heretofore offered by us—has advanced from forty-five to fifty-five dollars.

In making up the Clubs, some may prefer taking the paper, some the magazine, while others may take both. Thus, in a club of forty, there may be twenty subscribers to The Post, and twenty to The Lady's Friend—it matters not to us what proportion of each, so there be forty subscribers in all, with the one hundred dollars. Upon the receipt of the names and money, or of the money alone, we will send the sewing machine.

We prefer that all the subscribers to the sewing machine clubs should be obtained at the regular price of $3.50. In case they are obtained at a lower rate, the balance of course must be made up out of the pocket of the person who wishes to procure the machine.

One word that applies to all Clubs. Begin to get them up *at once*. By leaving it too late, the persons you rely upon to fill your lists, are procured by others who are more active. In this as in many other things, the old proverb holds true, "The early bird catches the worm." And we trust to have the pleasure of receiving a great many clubs this year, and of forwarding a large number of Posts, Lady's Friends, and Sewing Machines as Premiums to those who get them up.

WAR MORTALITY.

At the recent meeting of "The British Association for the Promotion of Science," a paper was read by Mr. E. B. Elliott, of Washington, in which he considers the mortality of the Union armies during the first fifteen months of the present war.

Mr. Elliott shows that the old rule that more men are killed by disease than by sword and ball and bullet, holds good in the American contest—five dying from disease and accidents where only two die as the result of injuries received from the arms of the enemy.

As to the rate of mortality from all causes, it has been about *seven* per cent. a year—which is a less mortality than that of the war in Mexico, less than *one-half* that of the British forces in the Peninsula campaign, and less than *one-third* that of the British army in the Crimea!

Our British cousins must have been somewhat astonished at these facts, so plainly brought before them by Mr. Elliott. One of these days they will be prepared to admit that never was so great a war waged with so little expenditure of blood and human suffering as that now waging on the North American continent.

Our Sanitary Relief measures alone—we mean those organized by private benevolence—probably exceed in the amount of their beneficence all that any nation before us has ever accomplished for its soldiers in the whole course of its existence. On the pages of history these movements will shine with an effulgence as bright as the great deeds of our armies. Probably the full extent of that private benevolence will never be fully computed, in so many and various ways has the gratitude of the country flowed out to its brave defenders.

GREEK.

The "Familiar Letters from Europe" of the late President Felton of Harvard University, alludes to the fact that his Greek was indeed "all Greek" to the present inhabitants of Greece, who claim to speak and write the language in its original purity. We append the testimony of the learned President, in the hope that it will awaken attention to the necessity of affecting a change in the present fashion of pronouncing Greek in our schools and colleges. We commence our quotation a few paragraphs earlier than necessary, for the sake of the allusion to the famous "maid of Athens:"—

"We got back to Mr. B———'s house to a late dinner, and in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Black and their handsome daughter came in to tea. Mrs. Black, you know, is Byron's maid of Athens. At tea I had the felicity of sitting between the old maid of Athens and the young maid of Athens. Mrs. Black will not speak a word of English; but she is a sprightly woman yet, and must have been very *piquante* and handsome when Byron was here. The daughter speaks English a little, but prefers to speak in Greek.

"We had an amusing time. I repeated to Mrs. Black some sentences in Greek, pronounced in the English and American style, and the shouts of laughter which the ladies raised would have edified an Oxford Professor. There is nothing more comical than the figure an English scholar cuts when he first comes to Athens. He may have taken the first honors of his University, and written prize odes without number; yet he cannot utter a sentence that any mortal in Athens will understand, nor can he understand a single word he hears in the streets or in society. The Professors laugh at him; the women laugh at him; the boys in the street laugh at him. He can buy a cravat only by drawing his hand round his neck, as if he were preparing for the halter. If he wants something to eat, he must open his mouth and point down his throat. If he wants a hat, he must lay his hand on his head and say, 'Eh!' For a pair of stockings, he must pull off his shoes, and, holding his foot up to the shopkeeper, show the holes in the old ones;—and so on. The Oxford and Cambridge prize man is the most helpless creature under the sun, when some strange fortune lands him on the shores of Greece, unless he picks up a servant who can speak some Western language with which he happens to be acquainted. All this, because the Greek is taught wholly as a dead language, apart from its living representative, and with an absurd and arbitrary pronunciation, to which we cling as if its rules were the Ten Commandments. The spoken language of Athens appears to me very pure and elegant, and I am quite convinced that it would be a great advantage to adopt at once the pronunciation established here."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Hymns of the Ages. Third Series. A volume of Hymns, got up in good style. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

Life in the Woods. A Boy's Narrative of a Settler's Family in Canada. Edited by John C. Geikie. Published by Crosby & Ainsworth, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

The Adventures of Rob Roy. By James Grant, Esq., (late 62nd Reg.) author of Jack Manley, &c. Published by Crosby & Ainsworth, Boston, and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

Romantic Belinda. A Book for Girls. By Mrs. L. C. Tuthill. Published by Crosby & Ainsworth, Boston.

The Bohemians of London. By Edward M. Whitty. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

Winfield, the Lawyer's Son, and How he Became a Major-General. By Major Penniman, author of "The Tanner's Boy." This is a life of Major-General Hancock, who has borne so distinguished and gallant a part in connection with the Army of the Potomac. It is claimed to be authentic in every particular, and is published in good style by Ashmead & Evans, Philada.

Oswald Cray. By Mrs. Henry Wood. This work has been published in book form by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

The Correlation and Conservation of Forces. A Series of Expositions by Prof. Grove, Prof. Helmholtz, Dr. Mayer, Dr. Faraday, Prof. Liebig, and Dr. Carpenter. With an Introduction and Brief Biographical Notice of the Chief Promoters of the New Views. By Edward L. Youmans, M. D. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

Library of Travel and Adventure. We have here three volumes—"Fast in the Ice," "Fighting the Whales," and "Away in the Wilderness," all of which doubtless will be interesting to boys. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

Uncle John's Library. This library is composed of Six Illustrated Volumes, called Uncle John's First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Book. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

Apologia Pro Vita Sua. Being a Reply to a Pamphlet entitled "What, then, Does Dr. Newman Mean?" By John Henry Newman, D. D. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

☞ The Press in Paris.—An article in a French political paper was recently suppressed by the censor of the press. The next day five columns of the journal (the space it would have occupied) were left blank, leaving only the heading. "Whither are we going?" and the signature of the author at the foot of the vacancy.

Lauriger Horatius.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A favorite college song pays a tribute of admiration to the poet Horace for a saying which, in the present day, would be considered more bacchanalian than orthodox, but which is and always will be endorsed by the mass of college students. The gist of it is, that a poet's song is tame unless inspired by sparkling wine and bright eyes. The disciples of Wordsworth pronounce this doctrine an abominable heresy, whilst, perhaps, the true theory of poetic inspiration walks in a middle path between the passion of the Horatian and the meditation of the Lakist. Tennyson has struck a key which harmonizes with every heart.

I have been thinking over a little lyric of Horace this evening, to be found in the first book of his Odes, which seems to me to be worthy of an introduction to you, reader, whoever you may be, if you have not already perused its glowing lines. Horace much resembles Byron, combining as he does versatility of expression with variety of thought, harmony of measure with keenness of satire, but lacking the independence of character and the misanthropy so conspicuous in the English poet. Horace was a gentleman of fashion at Rome, basking in the smile of the Emperor Augustus, and rendered happy by the patronage of Mæcenas. His was a life of lettered ease, at times passed in the crowded streets of the capital, where the follies and vices of the people afforded him plentiful subject for satire; at others among the sweet retreats of that Sabine farm on whose delights he so fondly dwells in many passages of his poems. His works are replete with aphorisms of the greatest value and truth, and which, when written, had the merit of originality. Let us take a few examples:—"Shun great things: one can lead a happier life under an humble roof, than princes and their friends enjoy. He will be a slave forever who is not contented with a little. It is difficult to write well concerning common matters. To have a knowledge of your subject is the principal requisite, nay, the very fountain-head of good writing, and words not unwillingly follow the digested thought."

The following advice, though rather distasteful to young authors, is, nevertheless, based on the soundest principles:—"A good and prudent man will improve his languid verses, condemn the rough ones, place a black mark across those which are slovenly, cut off ambitious ornaments, force obscure passages to give forth light, make clear ambiguities, and note everything that is to be changed." The description that he gives of an impartial critic is very true to nature:—"If you should read anything to Quintilius he will say: 'Correct this and this, my friend.' You deny that you can do better, having tried in vain twice and thrice. He orders you to return your ill-formed verses to the anvil, or to destroy them. If you are more willing to defend than to destroy that which is faulty, he says no more; for further criticism would be in vain."

These extracts will give an idea of the depth of thought contained in the more serious writings of our poet, but it is in his Odes that his peculiar genius develops itself, and no description or no translation can reproduce their tenderness, beauty, and *naïveté*. Yet it too often happens that these masterpieces of the lyric art are studied in the immaturity of early youth, and are forever afterwards associated with the drudgery of the class-room. Thus Byron, while standing on Soracte, immortalized by Horace's Ode to Thalliarchus, gives his testimony to the beauties of the bard, discovered too late in life:—

"Then farewell, Horace, whom I hated so,
Not for thy faults, but mine; it is a curse
To understand, not feel thy lyric flow
To comprehend, but never love thy verse,
Although no deeper moralist rehearse
Our little life, nor Bard prescribe his art,
Nor livelier satirist the conscience pierce,
Awakening without wounding the touch'd heart.
Yet fare thee well—upon Soracte's ridge we part."

There is a banquet at the house of a Roman citizen, in the time of Augustus, and around the tables recline young men whose blood, warming under the influence of Falernian wine, causes them to shout forth gross bacchanalian chorals, and to quarrel among themselves. The poet reproves their indecorous behavior, reminding them that only Thracians fight over their cups, and beseeches them to lay aside this barbarous custom. "The sword of the Mede should be far removed from the wine-cup and the lighted banquet." Apparently the remonstrances of the speaker have but little effect, for a goblet of Falernian is thrust into his hand, and cries of "drink, drink," are echoed around the table. The poet is in a dilemma, but, taking the sparkling vessel in his hand, he speaks as follows:—"You wish me also to take a portion of the harsh Falernian? Let the brother of Opuntia Megilla tell us with what wound (of love) he is happy, by what arrow he perishes." He who is thus suddenly called upon to reveal the secrets of his heart, hesitates, probably blushes, and drinks another glass to sustain himself under the ordeal. The poet resumes: "You are unwilling to tell? Very well, I will drink on no other condition." Still the young man is silent, and the friend of Augustus tries the arts of flattery to draw the name of his sweetheart from him. We can imagine him laying his hand on the shoulder of the brother of Megilla, and blandly smiling as he says:—"Whatever Venus rules you, I am sure that you have no cause to blush, and that you always err in a pure affection. Come, whatever you have to say, confide it to me. I will never reveal it." The name is revealed, and apparently it is that of some coquette who has trifled with our poet's heart, for he exclaims: "Oh, unhappy one! in what a Charybdis you are laboring, worthy as you are of a better flame. What sorceress, what enchanter, what divinity, will be able to free you from this Thessalian poison? Scarcely could Pegasus himself release you from this triple formed chimera." The question having been answered, and the attention of his companions having been distracted from their quarrels and "impious clamors," the poet's object was attained, and it is to be supposed that he quaffed the proffered Falernian.

It is from Horace, more than from any other Roman poet, that we can gain an insight into the habits of the citizens of the great metropolis, and he not unfrequently makes pointed allusion to the great events of the day. The son of a freedman, the friend of Augustus, Mæcenas and Virgil, he was the master spirit of lyric verse.

☞ Why do young ladies put their hair in papers? To wake early (wake curly) in the morning.

LIFE'S LESSONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY EMELINE CLARK.

How slow and painful is the task of learning,
And hard to learn aright,
As one by one our master, Time, is turning
Life's pages to our sight;
And very hard, if they have been mislearned,
The punishment to bear,
For never yet those leaves were backward turned,
At any mortal's prayer.

Oh, could we look with vision never blinded
By any earthly thing,
And every day grow better, wiser minded,
From lessons which they bring,
There'd be no vain regrets to haunt to-morrow,
No tears for by-gone hours;
'Twould take the sting from all our earthly sorrow,
The thorn from all our flowers.

And when is turned the last of all life's pages,
And folded with the past,
When we have learned of all our earthly lessons
The hardest and the last,
How will we enter in the rest eternal,
With task well done, and then
We shall see clearly by the light supernal,
And never err again.

MADELINE MONTOUR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BELLA ST. AUBYN.

"Daughter."

"Well, mother dear?"

The open book dropped upon her lap, and a pair of sweet, earnest eyes were raised inquiringly.

"Are you sure Harry said that he would be here the twentieth? Perhaps you did not read it right."

"Yes, mother, I am sure he said the twentieth, but there are many causes for delay, and we must not be too precise as to time, much as we wish our darling to come. Impatience is often apt to make us forget the possible railroad detentions, to say nothing of the official business that officers have to discharge ere leaving an important command."

"How long did you say it would take him to come? You calculated the time the other day.

"Well, about ten days, I thought; still that may be a short time to allow him for everything. Two days from Atlanta to Nashville. About two days delay at that place, for attendance to military duty—then one day to Louisville—another to Indianapolis, and two from Indianapolis here, if he could come directly on without delay. I am calculating by the time it took me to come from Nashville to this place last spring—which I have set down in my diary. There was nothing to detain me, you know, but it may be very different with him."

"Yes," sighed the weary mother, rather despairingly. "I know—but the time seems so long. Allowing him ten days, he is still behind time a week, and I am sure something has happened. If he has not been killed, they have taken him prisoner, very likely—or wounded him, or something! I wish we could know! What time is it? Nearly nine, is it not?"

Madeline drew a tiny watch from her belt and looked.

"Yes, mother; just nine, and there is the whistle. Patience! Perhaps he is almost here."

She laid down the book from which she had been reading aloud when interrupted by Mrs. Montour's first question, and passing around the old lady's great chair, took the withered face into her two hands and kissed it tenderly. Then she tripped lightly into the parlor and turned the gas on to a full head, so that a broad line of light fell from the windows across the yard. It was for a cheerful greeting to the long expected one, as well as a thousand other thoughtful and love prompted arrangements that would meet the eye upon his first entrance to the beloved homestead. There was his favorite song upon the piano—his favorite pictures upon the wall. In the sitting-room was his easy-chair, his stool, and a new pair of slippers which the young wife had made during the long summer hours while watching his dangerous career before Atlanta from afar. Would he not soon be here to enjoy once more, even though it might be for a brief season, all these pleasant things? The bright color came and went, and the loving little heart fluttered with a voiceless prayer, while she lingered over the parlor arrangements, unwilling to go back to the presence of those eager watchers—his mother and aunt, who would scan her face to detect a shade of anxiety or hope. She was not calm enough for that just yet. The fear that had been creeping over her for several days took such a strong hold upon her now, that before she was aware of it, she found herself trembling from head to foot.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, and she stood quietly beside the table, an album open in her hand—her eyes fixed upon a picture of her husband—her ears strained to catch the sound of his step or the click of the gate latch. But at last the little hum and clatter attendant upon the arrival of the evening train died away. The last carriage rolled by, and the quiet street was still as though human life never ebbed and flowed along its pavements. She had passed beyond the limits of her hope for that night, and prepared for the duty that awaited her.

A little gasp of anguish that half stifled her—a mute upward look and clasping of the hands over the heavy heart, and the young wife glided back with a smile upon her lips and a cheerful ring in the tones of her sweet voice.

"Well, mother, I suppose we must wait for the next train. He has not come to-night, or he would have been here. Shall I continue reading for you, or are you tired?"

"Oh, I'm tired and heart-sick!" wailed the poor mother. "I want my boy and he does not come. When will he come? What has happened to him? Oh, I shall never, never see him again in this world—I know I shall not!" and the tears streamed over the furrowed cheeks.

"There, there, mamma darling! Do not give way to trouble so," murmured the sweet voice very softly, drawing the tear-wet face close to her own and patting it gently. "Do you think it is right to torture yourself with such fears when God has placed such abundant means of comfort within our reach? He has said, 'Whatsoever ye shall ask in My name, *believing*, ye shall receive.' To-day you told me that your life was a constant prayer for his safety. Can you not believe that God will hear and grant that prayer that rises daily from your inmost heart? Where is the use of prayer if we cannot believe that God will hear us? And if we plead His promises, doubting His fulfillment of them, then do we insult His loving kindness. Be comforted, darling mother. Your distress almost unnerves me."

The old lady lifted her head and gazed fondly into the fair young face, saying tremulously,

"You are a good child, Madeline—a perfect angel in human form. I cannot have your faith and patience, though long years of suffering and experience should have taught me this much at least. I am like a child without thought or reason, and my heart would break if it was not for you, dear child."

"There! that sounds nice and sweet, and I like it, though I do not deserve one-half you say of me," cried the daughter cheerfully. "Come, now; the smiles are returning to your face, and I want to keep them there. How shall I do it? Shall it be singing, reading, or a 'story,' as the children say? We must do something."

"Anything you like, for yourself, dear," answered the mother. "As for myself, I think I will retire. Perhaps I can sleep some to-night."

Madeline heaved a sigh of relief, inwardly grateful for the resolution, for she well knew that the mother had passed sleepless hours in which her pillow had been wet with tears. It had been a painful sight to her each morning to look upon the pale face and heavy eyes that betrayed but too surely the night's distress.

When the old lady had passed feebly to her own room, Madeline sunk back upon her chair with a sigh that made Aunt Margaret look up at her earnestly.

"Ah, I see you have the heart-ache," she said sadly. "You are trying to hide it from us, but I am hard to blind where I love. Do not wear yourself out, my child, in the vain attempt to be cheerful. We must bear our share of the trouble, whatever it is."

"Yes, auntie, you and I. But poor mother! She is not strong—her nature is not hopeful, and I must help her all I can. She is all the mother I have, you know, and when we were married—when Harry brought me home and gave me to her—I resolved to make her as happy as it might be possible for me to do. When she and you met me that night—when your warm kisses fell upon my face, and your dear arms were round me, I felt as if nothing on the earth I could ever do would repay you for the greeting you gave me, and it never will be otherwise. My first duty is to you, prompted by love. My next to myself. I cannot forget it."

"And your husband?" smiled Aunt Margaret, her eyes dim with tears.

"My husband and I are one. The duty I owe to myself is his also. His first duty is to his mother and you, and of course that makes my first duty the same. Our interests are all one and the same," she answered with a quick glance and a bright smile that flashed like a ray of light over the sweet face.

"Very well said, Birdie," with a soft, tender lingering over the pet name. Then the old lady rose, bade her niece good-night and went up to her own room.

Once alone and free to indulge her own feelings, Madeline's self-control gave way, and she bowed her head in utter abandonment of disappointment and fear. The slight frame shook with sobs, and bright tears fell thick and fast. Where, oh, where was the absent one, and what news might the coming morrow, or any hour bring? The chill of the shadow of death seemed to be creeping over her spirit, crushing out every hope, so long and fondly cherished.

The people of W——— kept primitive hours, and the lights were all out when, at half past ten, Madeline softly opened the door and glided out into the cool, shining night. Only a few street lamps gleamed from lonely corners where the moonlight failed to penetrate the gloom, and the little northern village was very still. But a mournful breeze stirred the autumn leaves upon the grass, and rattled the leafless branches overhead as she paced softly beneath them, baring the hot brow and cheek to the chilling lake winds that came up in sudden gusts at intervals, dying away in that low murmur which is far sadder than words have power to express, when the heart is already heavy with grief and anxiety.

Presently the sound of a distant step fell upon her ear, and Madeline drew back into the deep shadow of the portico to let the person approaching pass without observing her. But instead of turning the corner, as she expected, he came straight on to the gate, opened it, and came forward with quick and rapid strides to the door. Filled with unutterable alarm, Madeline sprang forward just as his hand fell upon the bell-handle, and grasped his arm.

"Do not ring!" she gasped. "Tell me what you wish! Is it news from him—my husband?"

"Are you Mrs. Harry Montour?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, here is a dispatch for you. I think it is from him, most likely."

Madeline took the envelope—a deadly sickness stealing over her as she did so; but a sense of the necessity for calmness steadied her nerves, and she rallied instantly.

"Wait here a moment, until I see if an answer is necessary," she said, in a voice rather husky but decisive. "I will not keep you long."

The slender form disappeared through the doorway, and the next moment she stood in the light of the sitting room, her face as pallid as moonbeams upon snow. One deep drawn breath, a silent prayer, and the trembling fingers tore the envelope hastily. The lines that met her gaze were short and fearful:

"My wife—I am wounded unto death. Come to me, at Sewanee House, Nashville; and come quickly. HARRY."

No cry broke from her lips—not even a moan escaped them, though she trembled from head to foot and leaned heavily against the table for support. It was the ever present necessity to guard the life of his mother that kept her feelings thus in check, but the blow was none the less terrible that had fallen upon her young life. For a little while it seemed as if soul and body must part in the agony of the silent struggle.

Five minutes after reading the dispatch she again went to the door, and gave a pencilled answer into the hands of the messenger. When he was gone she staggered out upon the portico and fell upon her knees by the railing. Eyes heavy with anguish sought the quiet stars, and pale lips moved in voiceless prayer—but that was all. The weary mother slept, the gentle aunt wandered in dreams through pleasant places, while the young wife, stricken—almost crushed—prayed for strength, and hope, and faith, and resignation!

A gentle kiss upon the forehead roused Mrs. Montour from a sound sleep, and she looked up to see her daughter bending over her. The morning light was streaming through the half-open shutter, and by it she could see that the young lady's face was very pale, and that she was attired for travelling.

"There, mother dear, lie still," said Madeline tenderly, as she gently forced her back from the half recumbent position she had taken in her alarm. "I have come to say good-by for a little while, and to beg you to bear up as patiently as you can until I come back again."

"What has happened? Where are you going? Oh, I knew there was trouble! Has he been killed?"

"Not killed—but wounded. I received a dispatch last night, after you retired, and he wants me to come to him. Everything has been done. I packed my trunk last night, so that no time might be lost. I have had breakfast, also, and the carriage is at the door to take me to the depot. I would not wake you sooner, but now I must go. Oh, mother, try to bear my absence; and—mother—pray God to help you, if it is His will to—"

She could not finish the sentence, but with streaming tears caught the grey head of the bewildered old lady to her bosom, rained kisses upon the dear old face, and then fled from the room, entered the carriage, and was rapidly whirled away in the grey morning light to the depot.

That was a dreary ride—one never to be forgotten in her history—for the agonies of suspense, heightened by every delay, and the seemingly endless space to be passed, ere she could reach her husband's side, made it memorable.

Louisville was reached in safety, however, and Madeline began to feel as if she was indeed coming nearer to her fate. One day longer, and she would know her doom! Was it to be night, black and starless—or a dawn of light through God's love and mercy? She had dared to pray for hope. She had clung to her plea for his life with passionate intensity, not yet able to say: "Thy will be done!" because all that seemed desirable to live for, had been centred in him, and though she could bear his absence in his country's service, she had not reconciled herself to the thought of his possible death.

Sitting in one corner of the car, her veil drawn carefully over her pale face, thought ran into sorrowful anticipations, until amid all her impatience to reach Nashville, a terrible dread of the trying hour took possession of all her faculties. She heeded nothing around her. People talked in her hearing of the late battle, and she did not comprehend even the subject of their conversation.

Suddenly there was a loud crash—a shock that brought her to her feet with a force that nearly dislocated her limbs, and a confused cry rose from the passengers. She looked around, to see a mass of pallid faces, and a body of men making a rush for the door. In a moment the people were pouring out through every avenue of escape, and she, roused from her trance of misery to the knowledge of some fearful disaster, followed the tide.

A fearful sight greeted her eyes when once outside. The locomotive of the Louisville train was crushed, and three or four cars had tumbled down an embankment. It had run into a disabled freight train that stood upon the track, with a force that sent several of the cars toppling down the steep, where they lay crushed in a heap.

"Lend a hand here, gentlemen," shouted the conductor, excitedly. "There are ten men, at least, in that pile of rubbish, and we must get them out! Come!" and with a bound he leaped over all barriers and lighted upon the broken cars.

Amid a perfect babel of sounds, the gentlemen passengers and a squad of soldiers followed. In a moment they were at work, and several dead passengers were drawn from the one passenger car that had gone down with the others. A poor woman, with an infant still clasped to her bosom, had been the first. Then an old white-haired man. Afterwards two or three soldiers, and a boy of about fifteen. From these life had been hurled instantly. No hope remained, and they laid them aside reverently. But then came the wounded—crushed and mangled beyond description, with still a remnant of life, and a knowledge of their sufferings. Madeline gave a glance round at the scared white faces of the ladies standing near, and seeing little hope of assistance from them, forbore to ask, but left them to follow her example if they had nerve to do it. With light steps she descended the bank and stood over the victims, ready to give them all the aid in her power.

From the little travelling bag she carried, she took a cup, a roll of bandages and lint, and in a moment more, had filled the cup with water from a little rill, and was kneeling beside a man with a deep cut across his forehead. The blood was pouring in a stream from the wound, and the poor fellow had fainted almost, from loss of it, ere she reached him, and to staunch it was her first care.

A moment's ineffectual work proved her need of assistance. She looked around anxiously.

"Who will help me?"

Instantly a gentleman came to her side.

"What do you wish, madam?"

"That some one would press the wound together until I can fasten the bandage on and stop this flow of blood. I cannot manage it alone."

"I will try, *though* I am no surgeon—not even a tolerable nurse. Show me how."

"This way"—pressing it closely together with both hands. "You must lay your hands upon it so as to give me room for my work. See, he has fainted, and the blood has stopped. Hold it carefully but for a moment, and I can do what I wish."

With a quick movement she wet her handkerchief and cleansed the wound—then with steady fingers took a needle from a case in her bag—long and slender, filled with white silk, and put several stitches through the edges of the cut, tying and clipping off each stitch with the scissors she always carried with her in travelling. This done a piece of court-plaster was fastened over the wound, and the bandages put on in an almost incredibly short space of time. Water was then dashed in the sufferer's face, and this failing to arouse him from his faintness, Madeline seized a small camphor bottle and chafed his face and hands with the liquid. In a few moments the color tinged his lips slightly, and his eyes unclosed with a faint sigh. Madeline breathed an inward prayer of thankfulness. She had feared her efforts to restore him might prove too late, in which case she could but have felt herself to blame for leaving him so long in the fainting fit without trying to revive him, though her motive had been a double one—to staunch the wound, and at the same time set it in a fair way for healing without disfiguring his face so much as it must have done otherwise.

Three or four ladies had ventured to scramble down to the spot by this time, and timidly offered their assistance. Madeline left the late patient to their care, therefore, while she went to others. Doctors and surgeons were busy with the broken limbs, but many badly cut and bruised were turned over to her, with such assistance as she could get from the gentlemen around.

In a little while her little store of lint, bandages and court-plaster were exhausted, and she was forced to call for handkerchiefs which were torn up to serve her purpose as bandages until better could be obtained. Thus passed an hour and a half—when the last sufferer had received all the help their scanty means afforded, and Madeline sat down for a moment's rest.

With the necessity for action and self-possession, passed away her strength of nerve and self-control. She trembled from head to foot like an aspen, sickened almost to faintness, and sinking upon a little mound a short distance from the wreck, sobbed like a child.

One of the ladies started up and would have gone to her but for a gentleman who laid his hand upon her arm. It was the one who had helped to bind the first wound, and he said decisively,

"Let her alone for a little time. A good cry will do her good, and she needs relief. I have never yet seen a young lady go through such a trying scene with such courage and nerve. Were she my daughter I should be proud of her this day if I had never been before."

"Yes, indeed. I could not have done it to have saved my own life. The sight of blood kills me almost," answered the lady with a shudder. "Poor thing! How she sobs! I wonder who she is?"

Further speculation was cut short by the quick, sharp whistle of the train sent down from Nashville to the wreck, and the bustle attendant upon the removal of the dead and wounded across the track to the other cars, began. Madeline roused herself with an effort, resolutely checked the sobs that had shaken her so terribly, and with her remaining strength, plunged again into action, carrying water to the sufferers and bathing their faces with camphor, when they grew faint by removal from one spot to another. While thus engaged, the gentleman of whom we have spoken, came up and bent over a patient, remarking quietly:

"You have much courage and self-possession for a young lady. Is this the first time you have been called upon to use it?"

"No, sir. My husband is an officer, and I have been with him on several occasions of skirmishes and battles. He now lies wounded at Nashville, and I have tried to do for others what I trust others did for him."

"Then you are going to him, I presume? When was he wounded?"

"About a week ago. It was three days before I got his despatch. It has been three more since I started."

"Was it severe?"

"Very, I should say. The dispatch was urgent. I may be too late."

She could not say more, but turned away with quivering lips; and the gentleman, lifting his hat with an action something like reverence, retired respectfully. In a short time the story had gone from lip to lip, and Madeline was the chief object of sympathy, admiration and respect upon the cars.

Swiftly now the train swept on, but it was late in the night ere it entered the depot. Madeline was one of the first to step upon the platform, and was about to hurry forward when the gentleman once more presented himself and offered his arm.

"Permit me to see you to a carriage, madam. This is rather a rough place, on account of so many soldiers," and with this they moved forward through the melee.

"I will not wait for my baggage," she said, as she entered the coach, "but send for it. Please tell the driver to take me to the Sewanee House as quickly as possible."

"I will, madam, and will bid you good night, praying that you may find your husband better than you expect, and that you may always find friends as prompt, noble and unselfish as you have proved yourself to-day, should dangers or difficulties come to you. God bless you."

He lifted her hand one moment from where it rested on the carriage door, pressed it with a friendly clasp, and the carriage rolled away.

It took but a short time to drive up to the hotel, but to her the few moments were like hours. The instant the carriage stopped she sprang out and bounded up the stairs. At the top she met a bell boy, and sent him to the office to ascertain the number of Colonel Montour's room, and then passed into the reception room to wait.

Presently he came back again, with the intelligence that Colonel Montour was not there.

"Not here!" cried Madeline, in bewilderment. "Why, when did he leave—where has he gone?"

"Don't know, ma'am."

"Send the clerk to me, at once," she said, in a tone almost impatient from anxiety. "I must know all about it as soon as possible."

The boy disappeared, and the clerk came up after a few moments' delay.

"I am sorry," he answered, in reply to her eager questions, "but I can give you no information upon the subject. Colonel Montour was brought here one night, about a week ago, badly wounded, but was removed by his physician and some friends the next day. They left no word as to where they were going. No messages for friends."

"This is very, very strange! Here is my husband's dispatch, urging me to come to this house, and to come quickly. Who was the physician?"

"I do not know his name?"

"Is he a resident of Nashville?"

"I think not. I never saw him before. So many people are brought here and removed again in the same way, we pay but little attention to them. They may have taken him to the hospital."

"Oh, no! That is not at all likely," she exclaimed quickly. "It would be more natural to bring a sick or wounded man here for proper attention than to take him to one of those crowded places. I wonder if he could have been removed to any other hotel, or even a private house, for quiet?"

"Can't say, indeed. Haven't the slightest idea."

And this was all she could gain in reference to the beloved husband, over whose couch or remains she had so soon expected to bend on entering the house. With a stifled moan of anguish she asked that a carriage should be ordered to drive to the other hotels for information, which she did, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour.

Nothing was gained by it, however, and she was forced to give up in despair, after visiting the St. Cloud, City Hotel, and every other in the place where there was a possibility that he might have gone.

The next day, though her reason told her the folly of the step, she visited every hospital and made inquiries. No one knew anything about him, and she betook herself to the city headquarters, hoping to learn something there.

Here again she was foiled. Some of the officers knew that Col. Montour had been wounded and was brought to the Suwance House, but beyond that their knowledge did not extend. Wearied, sick, and despairing, she started back to the hotel, completely at a loss as to what step she should take next.

As she walked slowly past the telegraph office, a thought came into her mind, like a faint ray of hope, and she went in hurriedly. She inquired for the operator, and asked if he remembered the despatch which she produced.

Yes, he did remember it. He had sent that a week ago, and another had followed close upon it from the same parties.

"Another!" she gasped. "Its nature?"

"Well, it was to the effect that the Colonel was a little better, and they should remove him by water to Cincinnati, and, if possible, take him home as soon after as practicable. He wanted you to meet him at Cincinnati. I suppose you did not get the telegram in time to note the change in arrangements?"

"No. This is all I ever received," she answered with some relief, now that the mystery of her husband's disappearance, leaving no trace behind him, was explained. "I presume," she added, "that he could not have more than reached Cincinnati by this time, if he went by the river."

"I should think not. The boats travel slowly, with a possibility of being ordered back to Nashville at the mouth of the Cumberland. It would be well to ascertain, before you leave here, whether the Colossus, the boat which left on that day, is back or not. In that way you may gain direct information of Col. Montour."

Madeline thanked him, bowed in adieu, and hastened from the office. Entering a carriage that stood at a little distance from the door, she bade the man drive her to the wharf, where she found the Colossus unloading Government stores. The captain was on board, and came forward politely to receive her. From him she learned that her husband had taken passage for Cincinnati on his boat, but had been put off at Smithland, at the mouth of the Cumberland river. He was attended by a physician and a serving man, seemingly doing very well, though suffering acutely from a severe wound in the left side. They had taken him to a private house at Smithland, until they could secure good passage for him to Cincinnati. He supposed they were still there.

"Is there a boat going down to-day?"

"Yes, mine goes in the course of an hour or two. We have only to finish unloading and go directly back for the remainder of the stores at Smithland. The steamer that brought them to that place was disabled, and compelled to put them off. That was the way I happened to get pressed into Government service."

"You will take me down to Smithland with you?"

"Certainly. I will send a man for your luggage. Where is it?"

She gave him the directions, and retired to the cabin, where she sank upon a sofa almost worn out with fatigue and anxiety. The stewardess brought her a cracker and a cup of tea, and when she had partaken of this light refreshment, she retired to her room and fell asleep. When she woke, about ten o'clock the following morning, the Colossus was making fast at Smithland.

Here again came the necessity of action, and, after an hour's delay and inquiry, she found that her husband had been placed on board the Silver Cloud for Cincinnati only a few hours previous to their arrival. All the adverse fates seemed against her in the chase; but the pang was lessened by the assurances she received of his well doing and apparently rapid improvement. Again fortune seemed to favor her, in so far as to place the means for following at her command. The Queen City, from Cairo, touched at Smithland a short time, and she was thus enabled to take passage on her without delay.

Late in the afternoon of the same day, the Queen City overtook the Silver Cloud. Madeline stood upon the guards watching the golden glory of an autumn sunset upon the Ohio, when they came in sight, and she descried the name of the vessel. Instantly the pale face flushed crimson with excitement, and she darted into the office, heedless of the hundred eyes bent inquiringly upon her.

"Where is the captain?" she asked chokingly of the clerk. "I want to speak to him."

"Up in the Texas, I think. Can I serve you, madam?"

"I don't know. I have just discovered the Silver Cloud ahead, and it is the boat my husband is on. He was wounded lately, and I came for him to Nashville. There I missed him, as they had sent him on for Cincinnati. At Smithland they got on that boat, and I want the captain to try to put me off on her."

She spoke with a rapidity that almost rendered her unintelligible, but the clerk caught her meaning, and kindly went in search of the captain, who promised to put her off as she desired.

In a moment the shrill whistle of the pursuing boat signalled the Silver Cloud to round to, and she stopped accordingly to allow the Queen City to come alongside. Captain Denvers handed his passenger over to the captain of the Silver Cloud, and the next moment the two boats were separated, crew and passengers giving three hearty cheers as the lady was seen to ascend the stairs and enter the cabin, where they had learned she was to find her wounded husband at last.

Reader, a week ago, Colonel Montour returned to the service, restored in health, strong and determined in spirit, taking with him his noble young wife to care for the sick and wounded in time of need. The mother and aunt have been sent away on a visit to some relatives, where their minds may be diverted from the loneliness entailed upon them by the absence of those beloved children. Let us hope that the end will soon come, when all may once more be happily united.

☞ The muscles of the human jaw produce a power equal to one hundred and twenty-five pounds. If you ever had your fingers in an angry man's mouth, you will not dispute the veracity of this assertion.

☞ An old lady, who imagined that the sea must be very dirty because so many persons bathed in it, was consoled on being informed that it washed on the beach every morning.

The Last of Muller.

The horrible and disgusting spectacle of a public execution again took place in England, on the 14th of last month, the subject being Franz Muller—the victims the good people of London. According to custom, the gallows was surrounded by thieves and sans culottes, while, amid unearthly yells and curses, gouging and robbing went on at its foot. Muller, who had been suffering officious persecution from a number of confessors, protested his innocence almost to the very last, when as if wearied with denial, he said, "I have done it," a reply of uncertain meaning, as it was given in agitation, the clergyman not even attempting to repeat the question, and the prisoner next moment being hurried into execution.

Although the night had been very rainy, the sun came out brightly on the morning of the execution—Monday, November 14—and it is supposed that nearly one hundred thousand people gathered to see the death. The London Times of the 15th, says:

The occupants of "cheap seats" and "good accommodation" were particularly numerous. The windows of the several houses in front of the drop were well filled, whilst numbers were sitting on the roofs. Preachers of various religious sects were scattered about, and worked with commendable zeal in the distribution of tracts. In one part a three-jointed fishing rod was employed, to which was attached a scroll with the inscription: "Be sure your sins will find you out;" and in another instance a party of men was stationed, one of whom held up a walking-stick with a text attached, whilst the others discoursed on Scriptural subjects, and took part in reading and singing hymns. Another man, more conspicuous than the rest, was working his way through the crowd with a bill placed before him as an apron, calling attention to the publication of a pamphlet issued by the City Gospel Hall, and called "Should Murderers be put to Death?" There were a great many foreigners present, and to them selections from the New Testament, printed in the German and other Continental languages, were presented. But while this was going on in one part, none but those who looked down upon the awful crowd of Monday will ever believe in the wholesale, open, broadcast manner in which garroting and highway robbery were carried on in another. We do not now speak of those whom the mere wanton mischief of the crowd led to "bonnet" as they passed, or else to pluck their hats from off their heads and toss them over the mob amid roars and shouts of laughter, as they came from all sides and went in all directions, till sometimes even they fell within the enclosure round the drop, and were kicked under the gallows by the police. The propriety of such an amusement at such a time admits of question, to say the least, even among such an audience. But even this rough play falls into harmlessness beside the open robbery and violence which yesterday morning had its way virtually unchecked in Newgate street. There were regular gangs, not so much in the crowd itself within the barriers as along the avenues which led to them; and these vagrants only stopped, "bonneted," sometimes garroted, and always plundered, any person whose dress led them to think him worth the trouble; the risk was nothing. Sometimes their victims made a desperate resistance, and for a few minutes kept the crowd around them violently swaying to and fro amid the dreadful uproar. In no instance, however, could we ascertain that "Police!" was ever called. Indeed, one of the solitary instances in which they interfered at all was where their aid was sought from some houses the occupants of which saw an old farmer, who, after a long and gallant struggle with his many assailants, seemed, after having been robbed, to be in danger of serious injury as well. This, however, about the farmer, is a mere episode; the rule was such robbing and ill-treatment as made the victims only too glad to fly far from the spot where they had suffered it, and who, if even then they ventured on giving any information to the police, could hope for no redress in such a crowd. Such were the open pastimes of the mob from daylight till near the time of execution, when the great space around the prison seemed choked with its vast multitude.

The Situation.

That General Schofield won a victory at Franklin, Tenn., cannot be questioned, though the falling back of our army from Franklin to Nashville, eighteen miles, may be misinterpreted as a retreat. It is asked, "if we beat the enemy at Franklin, what need of retiring?" But the fact is that this battle was simply the interruption of our movement towards our base. When Thomas left Pulaski and moved northward, he could not have intended to stop short of the fortifications of Nashville; and though the enemy were defeated at Franklin, it was after the day had gone against us, and was in no respect a decisive battle. The exaggerated accounts of the demoralization of Hood's army by this repulse are not to be believed. The truth of the matter is that Hood caught our forces at a disadvantage, attacked with all his force, drove in a part of our lines, was flanked, and badly beaten with heavy loss, and then our army quietly retired to its chosen position, where it is now concentrated, and ready for Hood at any time or in any way. All the advantages are on our side, and the result of the brilliant fight at Franklin shows how little chance there is of Hood's obtaining any success. It is likely that a great battle will be fought, and we have every reason to hope so.

From two sources we have reports that Sherman is within forty miles of Savannah. The Richmond papers of the 1st instant admit that he has crossed the Oconee, and the Examiner concedes that he will reach the coast. That he is now within forty miles of it is not improbable. About the 20th of November, he was at Milledgeville, distant then about 120 miles from Savannah in a bee-line. An average rate of march of eight miles a day would have carried him eighty miles up to the date of these Richmond papers. The likelihood of this success is increased by the movement of Gen. Foster from Beaufort—evidently intended to be co-operative with Sherman. In a few days we shall undoubtedly hear from Sherman himself, and probably his first despatch will be dated from Savannah.

Gen. Gregg's raid on the Southside railroad was a decided success. Its chief value was as a reconnoissance, proving that Lee has sent no troops from Richmond.

☞ Accounts on file in the Department at Washington show the singular fact that, since the rebellion began, forty thousand more Southern whites than blacks have received assistance from the Government.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1865.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

A NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE AND FASHION.

The publishers of this new Magazine, in entering upon the second year of its existence, beg leave to offer their thanks to the reading public for the support which they have so liberally extended to them. Very few Magazines have been able, in their second year, to boast of so large a circulation as that to which THE LADY'S FRIEND has now attained. Referring to the numbers already published as indicative of the character of our Magazine, we may briefly say that it will continue to be devoted to Choice Literature and the Illustration of the Fashions. It will contain the latest patterns of Cloaks, Capes, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c., with Receipts, Music, and other matters interesting to ladies.

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☞ Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND (postage paid by us), twenty-five cents.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their magazines.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

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Editors who insert the above, or condense the material portions of it for their columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy.

Early Death.—The New Haven Courier, speaking of the late Prof. Silliman says: "Prof. Silliman was attacked about ten days since somewhat severely, but not alarmingly. After an illness of two or three days he began to recover, and from that time his friends have dismissed all apprehensions, and have regarded his full recovery as certain. On the morning of Thursday he awoke, after a more than usually comfortable rest, and promised himself the satisfaction of uniting in the public services of the day of National Thanksgiving. He uttered a brief prayer, as was his wont, repeated two hymns, which he followed with a few words of affection to his wife, unconscious of the significance of each act, and then was in a moment translated to that state whose very life and atmosphere are continued adoration and perfected love."

☞ It is stated as a fact that a United States greenback that has been torn or mutilated, will only be received for the representative value of the portion remaining. If one-half of a $10 note is gone, it will be received for but $5; and if one-fourth, $2 50, and so on.

☞ Dr. Johnson, once speaking of a quarrelsome fellow, said: "If he had two ideas in his head, they would fall out with each other."

PROSPECTUS FOR 1865.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

"The Oldest and Best of the Weeklies."

The publishers of THE POST would call the attention of their host of old friends and the public to their Prospectus for the coming year. THE POST still continues to maintain its proud position as

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☞ The matter in THE POST will always be different from that in THE LADY'S FRIEND.

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course the premium for getting up a Club may be either one or the other, as desired. Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

Remittances should be made in United States notes. For all amounts over Five Dollars we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities, *payable to our order.*

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent gratis. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

Editors who insert the above, or condense the material portions of it for their columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy.

A Clergyman Besieged in His Own House.—There is a clergyman in St. Catharines, C. W., who, very strangely, has never made it a point to pay his debts. The sheriff has, consequently, been endeavoring to pay some attention to him. We say endeavoring, because he has never succeeded yet. The clergyman has determined that the bailiffs shall not obtain entrance in his house, and for the last three or four weeks his residence has been surrounded by four or five of these gentry, who have endeavored in vain to obtain admittance, the house being so thoroughly barricaded that it was impossible to obtain an entrance. A short time since one of these bailiffs watched an opportunity when one of the family, in company with a stranger, was going in, and thought when the door was opened he would enter also, but the moment he attempted to do so he received a blow which sent him back, and he failed. Occasionally the clergyman will hoist a window and invite the bailiff to accept of some refreshment, when he will hand the articles out through a window, and the parties will enter into a pleasant conversation over the state of affairs.

The blast-furnace slag is now very neatly disposed of. By applying a blast of air or a jet of steam to the slag, as it runs from the smelting furnace in a melted state, it is suddenly cooled, and can then be easily reduced to powder; an operation that would be entirely out of the question for any purpose with the slag in its usual stony condition. The slag is then converted into a material eminently suitable for the purposes of brick making and the manufacture of artificial stone, and it is also proposed to use it as a manure.

☞ The excavations at Pompeii have just led to the discovery of a temple of Juno, on the flags of which were scattered about more than two hundred skeletons of women and children, who, during the eruption of Vesuvius, hastened to the temple to implore the protection of the goddess.

☞ Tie your horse in the centre of his stall, or he will "drive" more on one rein than the other. (Doubtful.)

The Table d'Hote in Germany.

They give you a soup, of which grease and onions are the only distinguishable elements. They pass round about ten courses of meat, so mixed, blended, and travestied with seasonings and vegetables that it would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to tell what any of them is made of; —not one having the remotest resemblance to the natural taste of any one of the animals seen in Peter's vision, and all of them most repulsive to me.

In the midst of the dinner they hand you an indescribable pudding, sweetmeats, fruits, and the like. Your potatoes are dressed with caraway-seeds, and your bread is spiced with the same. You have green peas and beans stewed in sugar, and such a stew! It is a literal fact, that I have not eaten a dinner since we have been in Germany. As the dishes have passed round, I have taken what looked to me most like human food; but I could not eat—and I have, in every case, fulfilled the rule of Doctor W——, to leave the table as hungry as I sat down. One does well enough at breakfast—one can get good coffee, and bread and butter; and once I succeeded in finding a bit of smoked salmon. The only things I have eaten with relish are the sandwiches I have bought at railroad-stations. Alas! with what a tender remorse have I recalled the indifference with which I have eaten a plain, but excellent dinner every day at home. Boiled chickens with a slice of pork, and potatoes undisguised by oceans of grease, whither are ye fled? Roast mutton—is it a dream? Beef-steak—is it only a phantom?

How do you think they get you up a steak here, as we experienced to-day on the summit of Uetliberg? Why, they boiled the beef; then singed it a little; then poured hot water over it, into which they put a piece of butter; then covered it with chopped onion-leaves! I asked the waiter what they called it in German. He said: "Bifstek. It is an English dish, and the Germans have no name for it." I thought of the poet's awful "deed without a name."

Besides these particulars, there is a universal savor of onion. Even boiled eggs have it. I shall never look at an onion again as long as I live. I assure you, the idea of the superiority of Continental cookery over American is as much a superstition as that of the greater size of Englishmen. Nor is there one of the arrangements of life more agreeable or convenient than our own, and most of them are, to my taste, immeasurably inferior.—*Felton's Letters.*

Economizing Coal.

The Scientific American, in an article on this subject, offers the following hints, which are particularly opportune now that coal brings such enormous rates in our market. Our cotemporary says: "A good bright fire can be steadily maintained with coal, with less trouble than any other kind of fuel, but not by raking, poking, and piling in green fuel continually. After breakfast the fire should be cleared of ashes if there are any, and fresh fuel put on to fill the grate moderately. Let the oven damper be turned up, so as to heat it, and leave the small top door open, more or less, according to the intensity of the heat required. In this way air enters over the top of the fire, and maintains a far better combustion and consequently greater heat than when the draft dampers are thrown open. A washing can be done or "ironing" accomplished with one-third less coal than is generally thought necessary to use. Cinders will burn admirably in small cylinder stoves, and heat a nursery or a laundry as hot as it should be. Every shovel-full saved is a shovel-full of coal put in the cellar, and a hint to the wise is enough on this point."

☞ One of the fancies of a London house of business has taken to such an extent that it is likely to become the decided fashion among that large circle who love a little bit of eccentricity in ornaments, or what might almost be called a *jeu d' esprit* in jewelry. The novelty is the production (in gold and enamel, of various hues) of brooches and ear-rings of every description, representing birds tinted to the life, from the legal "owl" and the chattery jay, *a la* Mathews, to the "modest" London sparrow. They are to be seen in and out of cage, and will bear inspection the most minute.

☞ It is just twenty-seven years since the telegraph was put into practical test. About 200,000 miles of wire are now in operation throughout the world.

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SEWING MACHINES,

No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	62
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

No. 2 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	89
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

TERMS, CASH.

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus.* Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

DEACON & PETERSON,
319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

LATEST NEWS.

Nashville dispatches of Sunday state that there is nothing new in the situation of the forces. Heavy skirmishing occurred during the day. Johnsonville has been evacuated by our forces. The first block-house, four miles from the city, defended by colored troops, held out for some time, but was finally surrendered, Col. Johnson, the commander, and a portion of the men escaping on a train. Gen. Thomas has so concentrated his forces at the fortifications at Nashville as to be prepared for any move which Hood may make.

Army of the Potomac advices state that Gen. Gregg's expedition was sent out in consequence of the rumors of the evacuation of Petersburg. Some two hundred men and large quantities of stores were captured. No information of any forces being sent south was obtained.

Gen. Foster started with an expedition from Port Royal on the 29th ult., and proceeded up Broad river to Boyd's Point, five miles below Pocotaligo bridge, on the Charleston and Savannah river. The troops were landed without opposition, and an immediate attack was made upon the bridge. After a sharp fight the garrison evacuated hastily, and large quantities of cotton fell into our hands. Two previous attempts to capture this bridge have failed.

Of Gen. Sherman's movements we have various reports from rebel sources. In Savannah there are rumors that our forces are within forty miles of that city, and a great panic prevails there.

The steamer North Star, from Aspinwall, arrived at New York on Sunday. She brings intelligence of a rebel plot to capture a California steamer. In October the agents of the steamship line were notified that a party had left Havana and were to seize the Guatemala. The latter was sent to sea prior to the arrival of the pirates across the isthmus. They were obliged to wait until the departure of the Salvador. A lot of powder was purchased and placed on board. When about to leave, the passengers were all assembled in the main cabin, when Commander Davenport, of the U. S. frigate Lancaster, with an armed boat's crew, took possession of the vessel. The pirates were then arrested. E. O. Hogg, of Baltimore, was leader, and had a commission from the rebel authorities.

Would Lose Fifty Thousand Dollars.—A Maine officer recently applied for a furlough, stating that if it was not granted he should lose fifty thousand dollars. This attracted attention at headquarters, and the officer was desired to forward a statement of how he would lose it. He did so to the effect that he had been in the army without a leave of absence for two years; that he was engaged to a young lady worth fifty thousand dollars; that there was another fellow after her, and that she had written to him that if he did not come home and marry her right away she would have the other man. He got his furlough.

☞ Mr. Evans, an engineer, testified the other day in the investigation of the railroad disaster on the New Haven Railroad, that on the Harlem track "sleepers were put down that were *so green that they grew after they were laid down.*"

☞ It will be remembered that Mrs. Rose Greenhow, the female rebel, who has attracted so much attention during the war, was lately drowned. A Richmond paper says that her drowning was caused by her having six hundred pounds sterling, in gold, tied to her person.

☞ Gen. Butler's orders are always characteristic. In an order dismissing Second Lieut. John Clancy, of the Light Artillery, from the service, he says:—"He was in a state of intoxication, which is reported as beastly, but that is evidently a mistake, as beasts do not get drunk."

☞ Our Provincial neighbors are much exercised over the selection of a name for their new Confederation. Among those proposed are the following:—Acadia, Alberta, Arcadia, Britannia, Nova-Britannia, New Britain, British America, Boretia, Canada, (the Albion's suggestion,) Cabotia, Columbia, and Tupania.

☞ A Yale College alumnus was visiting the old institution lately, and one of the professors, in showing him about, proposed to go and roll a game of ten-pins. "Roll ten-pins with you, sir!" cried the alumnus with a gleam of fun in his eye, "why, sir, I was expelled from the college for rolling ten-pins!"

☞ In London, England, recently, it was decided in court that marriage of a woman with a deceased husband's half brother was not legal. The Judge, in rendering the decision, said that no policy was so fatal to the happiness of young married couples, as for them to commence housekeeping with any of their relatives residing in their household.

☞ A short time ago a person above *eighty-two* years of age, called on a man, by trade a sievemaker, not many miles from Yetminister, to offer himself as an apprentice.

☞ A police justice and a constable in St. Louis had a jolly afternoon of it recently. The former tied the connubial knot for six couples, while the constable stood up with several of the swains and kissed the blushing brides until his lips were as sweet as if he had a bee-hive in his mouth.

☞ The story of the massacre of the Walker county Home Guards in Georgia by the rebels seems to be well established in fact. One hundred of the party were pronounced deserters from the rebel service, and in two hours' time were put to death, nineteen of them being hung and the rest shot. Most of them, if not all, were originally forced into the rebel service, and, escaping from it, entered that of the Union. This general massacre is one of the most atrocious acts of the war.

☞ Parisian Charity.—The private benevolence of the Parisians is much more extensive and well directed than we have generally supposed. The relief for the poor by the public authorities is on a grand scale, managed by twenty boards of commissioners, each with complete staffs of administrators, visitors, doctors, nurses, bakers, wine-purveyors, butchers, etc., and these boards expend, in the most discreet manner, twenty-five millions of francs per annum.

☞ A novel mode of lighting by gas has been adopted in the magnificent synagogue in Berlin. A space of about a foot has been left between the outer plain glass windows and the inner stained glass; this space has been provided with the necessary ingress of fresh and egress of hot air, and the gasburners are here placed after the manner of transparencies, and thus avoiding the glare and heat produced by gas. The light diffused by this means is said to have a magic effect, and might perhaps be worthy of imitation.

"What for?"

"I have been faithless."

"To whom? To what?"

"To our love!"

"Our love? why, cousin, I don't remember, I am sure I—"

"I am married."

"Married? Oh! I'm so glad."

At these words Gabrielle rose, dried her tears, and calmly asked her cousin to sit down.

"Oh! cousin, I hope you are happy; I'm in such a scrape! I'm married, too."

"Oh! indeed," exclaimed Gabrielle, blessing her stars that she was married, too, and was spared the humiliation of being forsaken.

"Yes, and I ran away from Martinique, for my father was offended, and—but my wife is in the carriage below; will you see her?"

"And take her to my heart. Oh! Charles, I will be a sister to her."

Charles rushed from the room whilst Gabrielle, throwing herself into a chair, heaved a deep sigh, as of relief, exclaiming:—

"I am free, I can love *him* now."

At this moment Charles returned, his wife on his arm. Gabrielle rushed towards him, but as she got near her cousin, she started back; she was the color of a very light lemon, that not even the Email de Paris could make white, and though she was beautiful, it was evident at the first glance that there was the blood of another race in her veins.

"Do you, too, draw back. I thought there was no prejudice in France—"

"No, no; I welcome your wife, and offer her a sister's love!" exclaimed Gabrielle, holding out her hand to the "yellow girl," saying to herself, "She will never know how welcome she is!"

Gabrielle, who was all-powerful, made M. Melcourt welcome his nephew, and instal his bride with him in an apartment in his mansion, promising to be the medium of reconciliation with his father in Martinique.

When, on the night of this arrival, Jules and Gabrielle were alone, he sat down beside her, putting his arm round her, he drew her towards him.

"Gabrielle," said he, "the idol of your fancy is returned—poor Gabrielle."

"How dare you pity me? Oh, Jules! how could I ever have been such a fool?"

"No—such a baby. All young girls pass through the same process, only they don't always find a Jules who knows how to distinguish between the heart and the imagination."

"I am afraid to say, my darling husband, that I love you for—"

"You fancy you have loved your cousin. You never have. The imagination is developed before the heart, but the dreams of the imagination are easily dissipated; the heart has for its advocates, sense, feeling, the understanding, passion. This forms love—"

"And this is what I feel for you—and have felt for a long time."

"Yes, I know it well. Come, never hide your head, but give me a long wifely kiss, and then let us plan together how we are to make Parisian society accept your straw-colored cousin."

"We can never do that."

"Yes, we can; we will invent a romantic history for her, and make her a heroine."

"Nonsense!"

"No! Imagination."

A Brave Woman Her Own Protector.

The St. Louis Republican tells this story of a brave woman:—

"On the night of the 12th instant four armed men went to the residence of Judge John Gillett, who lives in Carroll county, some nine miles west of Brunswick, and demanded admittance. Only Mrs. Gillett, a little daughter of thirteen years, and five younger children, were at home. Mrs. Gillett demanded of the men to know who they were and what they wanted. They replied that they were Federals, and wanted to get any arms and money that might be in the house. Mrs. Gillett reached them an old pistol through the door, but refused to admit them unless they would say who they were. They then threatened to break in. The lady told them to do that if they dared. Meanwhile she had armed herself with a cup of hot water, while her little daughter had secured a corn knife and another cup of hot water, preparatory to defending her castle from assault.

"The rascals at once proceeded to break down the door, and succeeded in getting it partially open, when Mrs. Gillett threw the hot water at them. Whether hitting them or not she did not know, but they withdrew, cursing this unexpected weapon of defence. One of them then approached a window in another room of the house, and commenced smashing it in, calling to the men in the house to come out, and dared any one to put his head out. Mrs. Gillett said there was no man in the house, and she did not intend to put her head out. All this while the thieving rascals were threatening to break in, while Mrs. Gillett, with a courage rarely met with, dared them to enter the house at their peril. Finally they got on their horses and rode off, leaving this brave-hearted woman mistress of her home, and a courageous protectress of her six little children. Since this event Mrs. Gillett has fortified herself a little better, but she keeps her trusted kettle of hot water on hand, ready for any adventure. It is hardly necessary to say that a home defended by such a lady as Mrs. Gillette is not likely to be attacked a second time or captured at all. Judge Gillett was in St. Louis at the time of the occurrence."

☞ Troy Weight.—Henry III. caused a grain of wheat, gathered from the middle of the ear, to be the standard weight; and thirty-two of these, well dried, were to make one pennyweight, twenty pennyweights one ounce, and twelve ounces one pound *troy*. Since then it has been thought advisable to divide the pennyweight into twenty-four equal parts, called grains. The word "Troy" was the monkish name given to London—Troy Novant. Troy weight, therefore, is, in fact, London weight.

☞ A poor maniac at Monseron, near Courtral, France, was killed recently on the railway. On searching his pockets, papers relating to his enormous personal strength were discovered, and from which it appears that he believed himself possessed of sufficient strength to stop an express train at full speed. It is needless to say that he was mad, and that his first attempt cost him his life.

☞ Butler's canal, which has been so long in progress, is five hundred and fifty feet in length, sixty feet wide at the bottom, and one hundred and twenty-five at the top. It will have fifteen feet of water at low tide. It goes through a strata of unctuous clay, in which vegetable matter exists, half converted into coal.

WAITING FOR THE BRIDE.

Cooling your heels in a vestry is about as tedious a way of passing the time as a man can know. More tedious for me, however, than for Stephanus; for Stephanus is bridegroom, and has plenty to think about, whereas I am only groomsman. Yes, to-day, my friend Stephanus leads to the hymeneal altar Fanny, the lovely and accomplished daughter of Blank de Blank, Esq.; and in his anxiety not to keep that fair lady waiting, Stephanus has dragged me down to the church full half an hour too soon, and is now wearing out the time and the parish carpet by walking about the vestry in a state of nervous trepidation pitiful to behold.

We are waiting for the bride.

Now, I am accustomed to these things. It is not the first time by many that I have waited in a vestry upon a business like the present—don't misunderstand me, I mean only as second; never, never, as principal—so I am merely bored; but Stephanus, the hero of the day, is, of course, painfully nervous, and well he may be. It is not calculated to calm a bridegroom's feelings to be told by the parish clerk—a man of icy composure himself—that "the men are always the nervousest on these occasions," nor for the beadle to suggest that "a mouthful of water would do a power of good." Stephanus is a man of hasty temper; a parish clerk is always an irritating creature; all the better feelings of a man's nature incite him to assault a beadle whenever practicable, so I interfere, and in playful mood desire of Stephanus his opinion as to the advisability of being married under chloroform. Stephanus's wrath, diverted from the officials by this sally, is at once directed against me; and advising me at any rate to *try* not to make a fool of myself, he resumes his walk, indignant. Of course, were a reasonable creature to give me so offensive an answer as that, I should consider it necessary to take the matter up; but as a man on the very verge of matrimony can scarcely be looked upon in that light, I smile significantly at the beadle, and stroll into the church. I there observe, what I have often noticed at weddings before, that many of the pews in the immediate neighborhood of the communion-table are filled with women, most of them middle-aged, but some older, and some few younger.

"Who are those people in the pews there?" I inquire of the beadle.

"Well, sir," says the beadle, "if they ain't your party—"

"Certainly not," I interpose hastily.

"Then," continues the beadle, "they're people as takes a interest—a general interest in matrimony. We always has plenty of 'em at every wedding."

A general interest in matrimony! Here is food for philosophical reflection. What kind of persons can they be who take such a general interest in matrimony as to attend strange weddings for the mere pleasure of witnessing the ceremony? So I call Stephanus, and, to divert his thoughts, point out to him the middle-aged occupants of the pews, give him the beadle's answer, and then ask him what kind of people he supposes them to be.

"What kind of people!" replies Stephanus in a savage tone, the presence of these uninvited witnesses seeming to displease him highly: "Why, broken-down bridemaids, of course."

Now, although this reply of Stephanus is undoubtedly quick and pertinent, and one which reason and sanity could scarcely so prosperously have been delivered of, yet at the same time it is offensive—very offensive. I can't conceive of such a creature as a broken-down bridemaid. Bridemaids, I remark to Stephanus, are fairy things—sweet, gauzy, charming beings—roses in the rose-bud garden of girls—all that can be dreamed of as pure, and blissful, and ever young. I assure Stephanus that for my own part I could as easily conceive of an old angel or a *passé* cherub, as of a broken-down bridemaid, and I venture to suggest to him that such a phrase as the one he has made use of comes with peculiar impropriety from a man in his position.

And yet I confess to myself—for Stephanus, like the poor craven bridegroom in *Young Lochinvar*, says never a word, but betakes himself to a side aisle, which he paces more like the miserable ghost of a beadle than the happiest of men—I confess to myself that there are a few things even about bridemaids that I could wish reformed. I could wish, in the first place, that they would not come up in such numbers as to fill one's house, and compel the proprietor to sleep at a hotel. But let that pass. I could wish that they would not make such a terrible fuss about a wedding; and that they would not consider the bride and themselves as the only important personages in the business. I could wish that they would not make a point of reminding you, by every word, look, and gesture, that the whole sex is doing you an enormous favor in allowing you to marry one of them. It is not generous to keep you so constantly in mind of the obligation under which you lie; if, indeed, it be an obligation, of which, however—But that point I will not discuss. I could wish that they would devote the days immediately preceding the wedding to some other amusement than that of pertinaciously snubbing every male thing that approaches them. We don't need to be so suspiciously watched, upon my word, we don't. We have no wish to sit upon bonnet-boxes; we have no evil designs against the bride's veil; we have no intention of maliciously destroying bouquets. What the actual advantage of having such flimsy useless things may be——But that would bring on quite another question.

I could wish, too, that they would talk of the bride in a different manner. I don't want to put it offensively, but to me it is nauseating, absolutely nauseating. Why on earth do they always call her "poor thing?" Why never mention her name without appending "poor dear?" Poor dear Fanny, indeed! It strikes me that poor dear Fanny may consider herself very fortunate. What more would she have? Stephanus is a decidedly good-looking man—six feet in his stockings—fine head of hair—good average shot—first-rate with the gloves—swims like a fish—hits well to square leg. What more would she have? The man's a paragon. But that's the way with bridemaids. I will be bound that the bridemaids of that pretty little beggar-girl who made that undeniably good match with King Cophetua, called her "poor dear thing," and bade her "never mind, but try to keep up." Try to keep up! Now, did anybody ever know a bride who didn't keep up? *I* never did. But there appears to be a delusion rooted in the bridemaid mind that it is rather the thing for a bride to exhibit symptoms of faintness, and that it would be only nice of her to faint clean away. Why, I remember an occasion when a bride astonished me by her composure. She stood perfectly upright, as firm as a rock, and surprised everybody by the calm and ready way in which, to use a theatrical phrase, she managed the business, and by the clear and audible voice with which she disposed of the gag. The ceremony over, she imparted to her ladies in the vestry that really being married was not such a terrible affair after all, dashed off her signature, took her husband's arm, and walked to the carriage in a style that won the commendation of all the pew-openers, and sent the beadle into such a stupor of admiration that it was necessary to nudge him twice in order to draw his attention to his fee. Now, mark! Wilfully shutting her eyes to facts, a bridemaid, in answer to an approving observation of mine upon the calmness of the bride, said that I was quite mistaken about the matter; Jane's calmness was merely forced calmness, poor thing (observe "poor thing" still); that she was the most nervous creature possible; and that at one part of the service—namely, when poor Jane's eye first caught sight of the ring, she (the bridemaid) was on the point of springing forward with the scent-bottle, as she feared for a moment that it was impossible for so excitable a girl as dear Jane to keep up any longer.

What enormous nonsense is this? Is there anything to be ashamed of in going with calmness through a ceremony to which these young ladies have been looking forward for years? After so many dress-rehearsals—every wedding in which a lady figures as bridemaid is merely a dress-rehearsal for her own—it would be strange indeed should the actress break down. Why such pride in showing that they are the weaker sex? Why flaunt their infirmities before our eyes in this fashion? It is so absurdly unnecessary; for, as I have just said, brides never do break down after all. A bridemaid may declare that her principal was on the point of fainting, and may assure you that she herself is certain to faint when *she* is married; but let that important event come round, let her once don the bride's veil and orange blossoms, and the pretty little braggart dare not faint for the life of her. She turns craven at the last moment, and behaves as she should, simply because she can't screw up her courage to behave as she should not. After this, the appearance of faintness that is sometimes assumed in the vestry is a mockery. It imposes upon nobody; and if it is affected, as I suppose it is, in order to make up for the failure at the altar, and to redeem the bride's character in the eyes of her bridemaids, it is simply labor thrown away. After failing on the stage, it is only provoking derision to act the part again in the green-room. It is no good, ma'am, at all. Your ladies may press round you, and tender their services officiously, but, be assured, though they affect sympathy, they are no more imposed upon than the pew-opener, who of course is incredulous to the last degree.

I could wish, again, that bridemaids were not all so wondrously alike—in behavior, of course, I mean. The Fates forbid, O Emilia, that I should compare thy roses and lilies, thy starry eyes and raven locks, with the saffron complexion and hair like the fringe to bed-hangings of—but I abhor personalities; or thy Juno-like contour, Paragona, with the corporeal twists of—but beshrew me if I name her. No, what I mean is, that in their conduct, in their mode of *being bridemaids*, so to speak, they are all so much alike. The reason is plain enough. They copy each other on principle. They go in for servile imitation. Indeed, so exactly does one bridemaid resemble another, so perfectly similar are these six or eight at St. George's to those six or eight at St. James's, that I feel convinced—though I have never yet been able to lay my hand upon it—that there is some book on the subject, some *Bridemaid's Manual*, some *How to be a Bridemaid*, which contains a table of rules. In no other way can I account for the astonishing sameness, the strange want of originality, that is characteristic of bridemaids. There must be some work of the kind, and the rules contained in it must be much like these:

Rule 1.—The bride's party having arrived at the church, the bride is conducted by her father to the altar, where the bridegroom awaits her. The bridemaids follow the bride closely; and directly the bridegroom comes well within range, it is the duty of every bridemaid to fix upon him the most reproachful glance she can summon up. Let her picture to herself the dragon that used to feed upon blooming young virgins; let her do her best to fancy the groom the dragon and the bride the unfortunate virgin; let her get all that into her eye, and if the fellow do not quail—

Rule 2.—The principals being paraded in front of the altar-rails, the first bridemaid hands her bouquet to the second bridemaid, and leaning gracefully forward, arranges a fold in the bride's veil. The second bridemaid then returns the bouquet to the first bridemaid, intimating, as she does so, by a glance of commendation or an approving nod, that the first bridemaid has only done her duty, for that the ceremony could not possibly have been proceeded with had the veil remained as it was.

I have known cases when the first bridemaid arranged the veil without handing her bouquet to her companion. This mode of proceeding, however, is not only less graceful than the former, but it also argues a spirit of selfishness on the part of the first bridemaid; a greediness of glory strongly to be deprecated; a desire to draw the eyes of the spectators upon herself alone, to the exclusion of her sister bridemaids.

Rule 3.—The service fairly commenced, it must be the earnest effort of every bridemaid to look only at the bride; to indulge no vain curiosity as to how the bridegroom bears it; to let no stray glances wander towards the groomsman; but by fixing the eyes and the attention solely upon the bride, to assist her in keeping up.

This is no idle conjecture of mine. I was informed the other day, by a young lady fresh from a wedding, that Sophia, the first bridemaid, had never taken her eyes off poor Clara from the beginning of the ceremony to the end: this in a tone implying that, in the speaker's estimation, Sophia was a model bridemaid. On the other hand, I have often heard some such remark as "Did you see So-and-so staring all about the church, and scarcely looking at poor Celia? Wasn't it cruel?" I must confess that to look at the bridegroom must be a great temptation. If he is nervous—and he generally is—what a triumph for the sex! That great strong man, his very beard quivering with agitation, mumbling out his words in jerks like a boy who doesn't know his lesson, and all on account of that little girl! What a triumphant thought! What a compliment to woman! What a proof of the superiority of mind to matter! A great temptation, no doubt; but Duty says, Look only at the bride; and Taste adds, that if the bridemaid can manage to do this through her tears, it will add greatly to the effect—will produce much the same pleasing result that words spoken through music produce in a melodrama.

Rule 4.—The ceremony over, the bridemaids follow the new-made wife to the vestry, and then and there kiss her, one after the other—the first bridemaid leading off, the second following, and so on.

Rule 5.—After the salute, the bridemaids form up, cluster, bouquet fashion, about the bride, so that she may stand, like a little queen in the midst of her court, to receive the kisses and congratulations of the outsiders—her father and mother, and people of that kind.

The bride then signs, and is put into her carriage, and the bridemaids' duties are ended. They have accompanied their friend to the very verge of the honorable estate; they have watched her cross the stream; they are not yet to cross; she has passed over to the care of another than they; let them not linger, but take their wedding-garlands and their—seats, and away to the breakfast. At this stage of the proceedings, the marvellous similarity that I have mentioned as existing vanishes away. The woman may be seen through the bridemaid. They now admit of classification, and may be fairly divided, I think, into three sets, as thus: bridemaids engaged, bridemaids disengaged, and bridemaids disappointed.

With regard to the first of these classes, I remember, at my Cousin Agnes's wedding-breakfast, being surprised at the silence of Chaucer Jones. He—a fellow of most excellent fancy—he who is wont to set the table in a roar—sat quite chap-fallen; not a word to throw at a dog; not one halfpenny worth of wit to an intolerable deal of champagne. What could be the reason? Was he ill? Was he in love? Was he in debt? No. Chaucer Jones was sitting between two bridemaids engaged. Oh, she is sparing of her smiles, is the bridemaid engaged! Her manner is distant to a painful degree. She exercises none of her charms upon you; she wishes you to understand that she is another's; she is so confoundedly anxious to give you no encouragement, that at times she is simply rude. The greater her beauty, the more utterly extinguishing is this behavior. Your efforts to get up a pleasant and easy conversation, become more and more feeble; and at last you sink back in your chair, silent, crushed, hopeless; feeling as if you were sitting on the shady side of an iceberg, or as if, like the wedding-cake, you had been lately frosted—but not with sugar. Her reasons for this conduct are sound enough. She is engaged to another, and she wishes to save you the disappointment which you will assuredly suffer in case you fall in love with her—a misfortune she too hastily considers certain, unless she puts some restraint upon her fascinations. Accordingly, she restrains them so carefully, that her smiles, like dogs in the dog-days, are all muzzled, or led by a string; and her glances are so cold, and her answers so curt, that, far from falling in love with her yourself, you are lost in astonishment that another should have had the audacity to do so. There is but one way to thaw the coldness of the bridemaid engaged: lead her to suppose that you are yourself engaged, or, still better, married, and she will be a different girl in a moment.

But give me class two. The bridemaid disengaged is the bridemaid for me. Oh, at the wedding-feast may my lot be cast beside her! She is in the land of hope. In her case, there is no jealous Intended to be thought of. The world is all before her where to choose. I care not much how old she is, or how young—within reasonable limits. I've known them precociously fascinating at fifteen; I've known them maturely enchanting at five-and-twenty. I care not whether she is dark or fair, tall or short. I take them as they come, and am thankful. I prefer them pretty—greatly prefer them pretty—but I have known so many who were more indebted to the mind than to the face for their charms, that I lay down no positive rule about this. They are all delightful at the wedding-breakfast. There is something about that banquet, particularly if her neighbor at table have taken some part in the marriage business of the morning, that seems to exhilarate a bridemaid strangely. It's not—pshaw, no!—it's not the champagne. That's a vulgar error. I have sometimes thought that it might be the cracker bonbons, but even they are not sufficient explanation. There is much that is exhilarating, no doubt, about those lively confections; but these exalted spirits are due to something nobler, something higher than crackers. It is the feeling of having been in close proximity to something rather dreadful; of having watched the passage of a friend along a perilous path, that the bridemaid herself may have to tread some day; it is this, combined with the consciousness of white lace and bouquets, and the possibility of herself being the next victim; it is this that does it. It is the joy of the second at the breakfast after the duel; danger past, honor satisfied, and nobody killed.

The third class is that of the bridemaids disappointed. These are bridemaids who have been engaged, but whose engagement, through their own fault, or through the perfidy of man, has been broken off. They must be looked upon as a sort of bridemaid widow, and, as such, must be regarded with apprehension, and talked to with caution. They combine, to some extent, the rather matronly air of the bridemaid engaged with the youthful vivacity of the bridemaid disengaged, and are remarkable no less for their urbanity to the male sex, than for their asperity to the younger and prettier part of the female. They are disagreeable from their too apparent desire to be agreeable, and, though often pretty, unattractive, because of their too great eagerness to attract. Like the serpent tribe, they seek to fascinate their prey with the eye, and, like the cat tribe, love rather to catch their victim by surprise, than by hunting him fairly down. They affect to have acted as bridemaid at but one marriage before in their lives, yet tell you the minute particulars of a dozen. They tell you that speeches have quite gone out at weddings, but try to incite you to propose the bride and bridegroom. As breakfast proceeds, and the champagne circulates, they hint to you that man is deceitful. They pull crackers eagerly, and laugh bashfully at the motto. After pulling one with the man on the other side of them, they whisper to you that *he* does it so awkwardly. If they have pretty hands, they show you a ring on their finger that was given them by a dear friend now no more. They then sigh, and bite the corner of their handkerchief; after which they hint to you again that man is perfidious. They like lobster salad, and eat enormously of creams and jellies. When breakfast is over, they wonder what people are going to do now, at the same time evidently knowing all about it. As they leave the room with the rest of the ladies, they look back at you, and shake their head. This means that man is *very* perfidious. They are of bridemaids the most dangerous, the most subtle—

But hold! Here comes the bride's party at last. Here they all come. Now, Stephanus, my boy, collect your faculties, take a good long breath, and be ready. There she is, the heroine of the day; and, upon my word, now I come to look at her, there is a good deal to be said for you, Stephanus. You are not entirely without some show of reason on your side, Stephanus. She really is very pretty, and the wedding-dress suits her capitally, and uncommonly becoming is the rather frightened look—and yet not exactly frightened, either—with which she advances, leaning on Blank de Blank, Esq.'s arm. And very well he looks, too, the old boy. And—Ah, there you are, my beauties! I see you! I've been thinking of you. Two, four, six, eight! Very good!—very pretty, indeed! Ah, Araminta, my love, it will be for you to have bridemaids of your own next week, won't it? Yes, he's just behind you, in one of the pews—No. 60. Don't look round now. Think only of poor dear Fanny, you know. Do as you would be done by, Araminta; as you would be done by, my dear. Aha, Cecilia, I see you! You're nervous, Cecilia; you can't deny it. Your smile shows it; smiling always shows it. Well, it's your first experience of bridemaidship, and you look very nice; upon my honor, you do. But don't smile, my pet; behave like Constantia. She doesn't smile. On the contrary, she looks so serious, that I half suspect she is thinking of the time when she thought she was—"Dearly beloved, we are gathered together"—Oh, I beg your pardon, I'm sure—"gathered together." Yes.

A Small Invention With Great Results.

The science of saving waste is one of the most useful in the world. Whoever invents anything to save waste, is a world's benefactor. M. Pinner, of this city, is such a man. He has invented a plan for soldering up tin cans, used to preserve fruit, etc., that saves cutting open the cans, and thus saves them for use again. It is done thus: A small wire is laid under the cap to be soldered over the hole, through which the case is filled, just within the edge to be soldered. One end is left protruding, so that it can be wound around a key, and by continuing to turn it, the cap is ripped off almost as fast as one could tear paper, and the can is left entire and fit for use again. We showed it to an old campaigner, who had been where the trail of the army was marked by wasted cans, and seen sundry pocket-knives broken in trying to cut open the stubborn tin, and he at once exclaimed, "What a grand Yankee invention! Small as it is, it will have great results." Upon explaining that it was a French and not a Yankee man who made the invention, our friend replied, "that it was at least worthy of having a Yankee paternity, as it was simple, economical and useful." So think we, and so commend it to "all whom it may concern."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Marriage in Greece.

After dinner we went to the party. It was larger than is usual in Athens, the guests being English, Americans, and Greeks. We had Italian music from Mrs. F——— and Miss L———, and Greek songs from Miss S———, a young and very pretty Greek lady, who is engaged to be married to a young man in England, a countryman of her own, whom she has never seen. This is in accordance with the custom of the Greeks. Marriages are arranged by the families; and as Greek families are established in distant cities, and in all the countries of Europe, it often happens that the persons most interested never see each other until they meet to be married. Some years ago, in their enthusiasm for progress and emancipation, they tried the experiment of letting young people decide for themselves; but the result was so unfortunate that they went back to the old system, and now nobody dreams of anything different.—*Felton's Letters.*

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There is very little demand for Flour. The week's sales reach some 15,000 bbls at $9,75@10,25 for superfine, $10,50@11 for extras, $11@12,25 for extra family, and $12,50@13,25 for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is selling at $9 ₩ bbl. Corn Meal—500 bbls Brandywine Meal sold at $8,50 ₩ bbl. Of Buckwheat Meal sales are reported at $4,75@5 the 100 lbs.

GRAIN comes in slowly. Sales of 45,000 bus Wheat at $2,50@2,65 for fair to good and choice Pennsylvania and Western reds, $2,55@2,65 for Southern do, and $2,75@2,88 for white, the latter for prime Kentucky. Rye—Sales at $1,72@1,75 for Delaware and Pennsylvania. Corn—Some 20,000 bus found buyers at $1,80@1,90 for old Pennsylvania and Delaware yellow, $1,85 for old, and $1,70@1,75 for new white. Oats—Sales 40,000 bus Delaware and Pennsylvania at 90@91c.

PROVISIONS—The receipts and stocks of the Hog product are very light; Mess Pork is held at $40@41, and Mess Beef at $26@28 ₩ bbl. *Beef Hams* are selling at $28 ₩ bbl. Of dressed Hogs sales are reported at about $16 the 100 lbs. Green Meats—we quote Hams at 20@21c, and Shoulders at 18½@19c. Lard is steady at 23½@23½c. Country packed at 20@22c. Butter is dull at 40 to 45c; choice lots 50@55c. Cheese is steady at 20@20c ₩ lb. Eggs are selling at 40@42c ₩ doz.

COTTON—The market is unsettled, sales at 128@130c for middling quality, cash.

BARK—1st No 1 Quercitron is offered at $45 ₩ ton. No change in Tanners' Bark.

BEESWAX is held at 70@72c ₩ lb.

COAL—The market continues dull and prices nearly nominal at $2@2,25 on board at Richmond.

COFFEE—The market is firm but quiet, with a few small sales at 40@44c for Rio, and 41@43c for Laguayra, cash and time.

FEATHERS—Sales in a small way at 57@60c for good and prime Western.

FRUIT—The market is firm; Green Apples selling at $1@5, and Cranberries at $17@17 ₩ bbl. Dried Peaches have further advanced; sales of 25,000 lbs quarters are reported at 32 to 32c; sales of prime Pared Peaches at 35 to 37c.

HAY—Baled is selling at $28@30 ₩ ton.

HOPS—Sales at 45@55c for new, and 35@40c ₩ lb for old.

LEAD—Galena is held at $16 the 100 lbs.

LUMBER has been arriving more freely. Sales of White Pine Boards at $30. Lehigh Hemlock is quoted at $22, and White Pine Shingles at $23@26 ₩ M, and the latter rather scarce.

RICE—The market is quiet at 13@13½c.

SEEDS—There is a good demand for Cloverseed; some 800 bus have been disposed of at $12½@14 ₩ bus. Timothy is quiet and nominal at $5. Flaxseed is in steady demand at $3,50 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum is steady at $1,13@1,20. Whiskey—Sales 1800 bbls at $1,78 to $1,85.

SUGARS are firmer, with sales of 1400 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 18@23c and New Orleans at 20@24c.

TALLOW has been more active at 17@17½c for Western and city rendered.

WOOL—The market is rather quiet at the late advance, with a moderate business to note at $1,04@1,10, mostly at the former figure for medium Fleece. Fine is dull and neglected at $1. Tub sells as wanted at $1,15@1,20, and Yarns are active at $1,70 ₩ lb.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of *Beef Cattle* during the past week amounted to about 3700 head. The prices realized from $9 to 15,50 ₩ 100 lbs. 3000 Hogs at from $15,50 to 17,00 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—3500 head were disposed of at from 6½ to 8½c ₩ lb. 100 Cows brought from $30 to 70 ₩ head.

GONE!

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY T. F. N.

I.

Once I loved a fair young maiden,
Heart so blithe and lightly laden
With the weight of years;
Laughing, pure and winsome fairy,
Like the lily light and airy,
When the morn with touches wary
Bends its head with tears.

II.

Eyes that gleamed as through the lightning
Summer's sun peers down all brightening
Angry clouds that fret and roll,
So from out those dark eyes clearly,
Smiled the beams I loved so dearly,
Lighting up my dark world nearly
By the windows of her soul.

III.

How I loved her I can only
Feel when now I'm sad and lonely,
Heartless, aimless as I go;
She my all to me appearing,
Each bright spot in life endearing,
All her actions I revering,
Fearing not the blow.

IV.

But she's gone! The flower has perished,
E'en though fondly, dearly cherished,
Gone, forever dead!
Just one year has passed since slowly
We laid her 'neath the violets lowly,
Blooming on that spot then holy,
Blooming o'er her head.

V.

Ah! she's gone! The vase is broken,
Gone forever, nought is spoken
From that world unknown.
Though the birds may warble near me,
And the roses bloom to cheer me,
E'en the rippling wavelets hear me,
I am here alone!

The Missionary and the Idol.

John Nicourt settled in the northern island of New Zealand about thirty years ago, and was for many years the only white man in that part of the country in which he lived.

The tribe among whom he resided was called the Tatemungas, and was celebrated for its valor and ferocity in war. Contiguous to them was another tribe, the Nooranoos (or children of the sea,) with whom the former were engaged in almost continual strife. The Nooranoos, when pressed in battle by the Tatemungas, generally took refuge in their canoes, when their superior skill enabled them to hold their foes at bay.

However, the Paheka, as Nicourt was called by the Maories, by introducing the weapons of civilized warfare among the Tatemungas, gave them such an advantage over their enemies, that they conquered the tribes on every side, depopulating their villages, and taking numbers captive. Owing to this, the Paheka became an object to be dreaded and hated by foreign tribes, and he accordingly generally kept within the bounds of the pah.

The village of the Tatemungas was situated on one side of a bay, which extended about thirty miles from heads to heads. It occupied the northern part of this bay just within the entrance; and on the opposite shore was the village of the Nooranoos. This last-mentioned tribe being principally dependent on the sea for support, worshipped gods who were connected with the main. Their great deity, whose power was supposed to be extended over the waters of the clouds, the rivers, and the sea, was named Maunwirriro, and the temple devoted to his worship was a cave on the sea-shore. In connection with this temple occurred Nicourt's adventure, which I will now narrate in his own words.

I had often heard of the wonderful temple of the Nooranoo god, and longed to see it myself. Its beauty was described to me in the most glowing terms by the natives, who state it to be a cavern of great dimensions, which was entered from the sea-shore. It was said that it could only be entered twice a year, in the months of March and October; this being because at all other seasons its entrance was below low tide.

The Maories, unversed as they were in tidal theories, attributed the phenomenon to the power of the great Maunwirriro, and imagined that he thereby expressed his wishes that at these times only should he be approached.

It was reported amongst the natives that the temple was adorned in the most brilliant manner, according to the Maori tastes and customs; and that offerings were made to this deity by all tribes, even by the chief foes of the Nooranoos, dreading the anger of this god, as greater than even their own peculiar deities.

It was on a fine spring day in October that, having determined to go out to the heads of the bay to fish, I told my native servant, Manwi, to prepare my boat. At the time I started everything bore the appearance of continued good weather, and I was in hopes of being able to return before night with my boat full. We reached the fishing ground, and having let down the lines I ensconced myself in the stern, lit my pipe, and let Manwi look after the fishing. We were very successful, and in about two hours obtained nearly as much as we wanted. I was just thinking about returning, when Manwi directed my attention to a small, dark cloud in the northern sky, which I well knew portended the sudden and furious blast of the "north-easter." I immediately pulled up the lines; and knowing not a moment was to be lost, I sprung to an oar, and commanded the Maori to do the same. We pulled in shore as quickly as possible; and I was beginning to hope we would reach it before the storm came on, when our boat quivered as if under the stroke of a giant's sledge-hammer, and the blast rushed over us. In a few seconds the sea rose fearfully, and swept over the boat every minute. Seeing that we should be swamped if we did not keep her before the sea I sprang to the stern, and shoving out the steering-oar, kept her running before the wind; we then road comparatively safe, as our little craft, being an old whaling boat, was built to stand heavy weather. We were flying along with the speed of a race-horse, and were fast approaching the southern extremity of the bay. I was now utterly undecided what to do. If we ran ashore, and escaped through the tremendous surf, we would in all likelihood be killed, perhaps devoured, by the savage Nooranoos; and if we kept out to sea the boiling billows would as certainly engulf us.

I remained undecided; meanwhile keeping the boat's prow directed towards the southern end of the bay, so that I might follow either course, as I saw fit. Manwi had lain down in the bottom of the boat, quite insensible through terror, so that no advice or help was to be had from him. At last we were drawing close to the rocks, and I now observed a little cove in their extreme point which might afford us shelter. The entrance to it seemed narrow and shallow, the waves rushing in with a fearful surge; and even at the distance I then was, which, though seemingly small, could not be less than three-fourths of a mile, I could hear the thunder of the surge as it dashed against the rocks. I had now no choice left as to my course, being too far in shore to weather the point; so, commending my life to Providence, I guided the boat towards the rocks. I stirred up Manwi with my foot, telling him that unless he exerted himself we should both be lost. He despairingly assented, and accordingly I gave him the steering oar, knowing that his superior skill would be useful in the moment of danger. I took my post in the bow, and guided her course by signs—the roar of the surf making speech useless. We now both stood prepared for our struggle for life; and a terrible moment it was. Borne upon the crest of a giant roller we dashed into the little channel. It required an arm of oak and a nerve of iron to guide us through this Charybdis. I was afraid the wave might sweep back before carrying us through the channel, and dash us to pieces against the shallow bottom; and unfortunately this proved to be the case; the backwater dragged us again from the shelter of the cove, and tore the bottom clean off the boat as it dragged it over the rocks. As we struggled amongst the fragments of our little craft, another gigantic roller swept us through the passage, and dashed me bleeding and nearly senseless on the rocks. I grasped the sea-weed, and crawling up the face of the rock, was fortunate enough to get out of the reach of the surge; but casting a look downwards I saw poor Manwi's bleeding body amongst the fragments of the boat, swept about in the depths below. I again crawled along the rocks till I reached a level part, where surer footing was to be had; after which exertion I fell senseless with pain and exhaustion, occasioned by loss of blood.

When I recovered I found it getting dark, so that I must have lain about four hours in a faint. The evening was evidently far advanced, and the moon was shining with great brilliancy. I was thankful for this last blessing, as otherwise I could not have explored the recesses of the rocks for a path of deliverance. The gale, as is usual with northeasters, had abated as suddenly as it had arisen, and the night was quite calm and still, the only sound that was heard being the sullen moan of the swell as it swept the rocks below. I immediately began to look about for a means of exit from my position, and found that the ledge of rocks on which I stood extended backward for some distance. I went back a few feet, and perceived a hole in the rocks, about three feet wide, and about six in height. The idea at once struck me that this was the cave dedicated by the Nooranoos to the worship of the sea-deity, Naptunkurko or Maunwirriro (or he that holds the water in his hands). The appearance of the entrance agreed with the description given me by the Maories—I being but a few inches above the highest sweep of the surf, and the tide being at its lowest ebb. I also remembered that this was about the time of the half-yearly visits of the Nooranoos to the temple; and as it was only accessible for one day in the half-year, I expected every moment to see the sacred galley sweep round the point, and land its crew of worshippers. I was now in a fearful position, and saw no method of escape, for there was a law among the Maoris, that only those set apart for the purpose of offering the sacrifices for the tribes should approach this cavern, all others being condemned to instant death, if found there. Irrespective of this, however, the hated Paheka of the Tatemungas was surely doomed to destruction, if found by his foes.

I carefully searched every recess of the rocks, guided by the light of the moon, but could find no egress—nothing but precipitous walls of rock on three sides, and the boundless ocean on the fourth. I returned in despair to the temple entrance, determined to enter, and there await the coming of the Nooranoos. I did so, and groped along its rough walls for some way. I then took out my flint and steel, which I carried with me on all occasions, and striking a light on some cotton which had fortunately remained dry in my inside pocket, I was enabled to see my way. I found the cavern of considerable length, extending, I should imagine, about one thousand yards in length, with a breadth of two hundred. I reached the altar where stood the idol, surrounded by the offerings of its devotees, consisting of various marine curiosities and other valuables. I did not, however, take much note of them, my anxiety regarding the arrival of the natives being too great to think of satisfying curiosity. I knew that they might come at any moment, and were sure to come, at all events, in the course of twenty-four hours.

I looked for a place to conceal myself, and creeping round behind the idol, found that if the priests did not remove it, I might possibly escape their sight. The idol was not situated at the extreme end of the cavern, but only about two hundred yards from its entrance, so that behind it there was a considerable space, which apparently was not much intruded upon, all the devotions being paid in front of the altar. I hoped that, as they would not pass beyond the idol, I might possibly remain concealed, for I knew that they would have no time to waste, the returning tide compelling them to quicken their devotions; but when I reflected that, even should I be successful enough to escape their notice, a miserable death awaited me, left as I would be to die of hunger in that lonesome cavern, various schemes flitted through my mind, one of which was to escape their observation on landing, by hiding behind some corner of rock, and creeping down to their canoes while they were engaged in their devotions, endeavoring to conceal myself below the skins, &c., which lie in the bottom of their boats, when, if fortunate enough to be unobserved, I might be left in the canoe on their landing at their pah, and afterwards escape by walking round the bay to my tribe. On examination, however, I found this plan impracticable, as I could find no fit concealment to escape them on landing. I then made up my mind to risk instant death, by taking the following bold advantage of their superstitions. The idol was about the height of an ordinary-sized man, and was made of wood; the face was painted red with the juice of a tree which is common in that part of New Zealand, and the body was covered by shawls made of flax. No part of the body was visible except the hands. In his right hand he held a spear, on which was transfixed a serpent, and in his left he held the fins of a barracouta. I afterwards found the meaning of these emblems. The god was supposed to have driven all serpents and noxious reptiles into the sea—hence the emblem in his right hand; while being supposed to protect the inhabitants of the sea, the food and riches of the Maori, his left arm is represented as defending the principal fish on that coast.

The idea that possessed me was this—to displace the wooden frame; to dress myself in its garb; to fling it into the backmost corner of the cave, and to play the god to the saving of my life. I acted at once on this idea, and placing myself on the stone pedestal, which was about six feet high, whereon he had stood, waited, ready to play my part on the first signs of the approach of the savages. To this end I painted my face red with some of the juice which the priests had left for the adornment of the idol. I had scarcely taken my stand, when the wild chant of the Maoris was borne to my ears. As the burden of their song was peace and prosperity, and not their harsh and terrible war-notes, it echoed through the vault with a singular beauty. Untaught though they were in the rules of harmony with which the European delights his ear, these savages kept time, and modulated their voices in a wonderful manner, considering that nature alone was their teacher. As their wild chant waxed louder and louder, denoting their approaching footsteps, my heart beat violently; but feeling that life or death was in the balance, I kept my composure by an almost supernatural effort, and stretching out my arms in the attitude of the idol, kept a grave and firm expression, and an erect form, and waited to act my part. They made their appearance. Foremost strode the chief, Maunwana, the great leader of the Nooranoos. He was dressed in full Maori state costume; shawls of flax—in making which the Maoris are so wonderfully expert—hung from his shoulder, and shining with glass beads instead of fringes, swept the ground; a plume of the feathers of the kaukau waved over his head, bound round with strings of beads, and his general aspect altogether was far from ignoble. The others were dressed in a humbler manner. Amongst them I noticed one who, from his ornaments, must have been a chief: this filled my heart with joy, as I knew there must be two canoes, as two chiefs never go together in one. They produced their offerings, and laid them at my feet on the stone. These consisted principally of fishes, but there were a few yams and other Maori vegetables; these latter were probably offered by some inland tribes, as I noticed by their costume, which was different from that of the Nooranoos. These offerings were to propitiate the god of prosperity and happiness. If they had been sacrificing to some god of war, how awful would have been my position, as human blood would assuredly have flowed at my feet! The offerings being placed on the altar, they retired, and recommenced their wild chant. The chief seemed to officiate as high-priest, and chanted forth petitions to the deity, which the others chorussed. I translate the following:

Chief. "O great father, O mighty father, O wise father, look on the children—look, look, look!" *Others.* "Yes, yes, yes!" *Chief.* "Let thy children not hunger for want of food; let not their eyes be like the eyes of a dead fish with hunger." *Others.* "Yes, yes, yes!" *Chief.* "O great power, that ruleth all fish, drive them into our shores, that the hearts of our wyenas [wives] and our picanninies may be glad." *Others.* "Yes;" &c.; and so on, through a long string of desired favors. I now saw that I should be safe enough under my disguise, as, though the cavern was brilliantly lighted with manukoo torches, around the altar it was comparatively dark, owing, I suspect, to their superstitious fears. I knew that as soon as they had finished their chant, they would in all likelihood depart, as the rising tide would compel them so to do; so I waited anxiously till the song concluded. Just as the last peal of their voices had echoed through the place, and they had sprung to their feet to depart, I stretched my arms to their widest, and, mad with excitement, cried in a voice of thunder: "Children! Maunwirrior is pleased with you; he loves all his children—he loves the Nooranoos best! Maunwirrior will fill your bay with fishes, and make glad the heart of your women, and the little hearts of your picanninies. Listen! Two canoes bore the Nooranoos from their village; let them go back in one; let the other be left here for your great god, that Maunwirrior may go forth to bring blessings unto his children. Here, then Nooranoos; let the canoe be ready for Maunwirrior when he wishes! Go, my children, and obey!"

I finished, and, dropping my arms, again resumed my former attitude. The savages had stood terror-stricken during my address, but were too fearful to fly; my last commands roused them, uttered as they were in a voice in which despair and excitement were blended. My very excitement had saved me, making my voice so shrill and inhuman, that they really took it for the voice of their deity.

Eager to obey the welcome commands of a god, they all rushed from the temple, and shortly after I joyfully heard the noise of their paddles as they departed. I leaped down from my weary stand, and flung myself on my knees in prayer and thanksgiving for my wonderful deliverance. I hastened to the entrance with anxious steps. I was saved! The Maories had faithfully obeyed my commands, and a large canoe was moored to the rocks, and floated lazily on the swell, which swept the calm surface of the ocean; the moon was just breaking on the eastern horizon, and a mist hung over the sea. Providence seemed to favor me, so I sprung into the boat, and paddled out to sea, where, catching a favorable breeze, I soon arrived home—yes, home, for that mud-built shelling seemed indeed a home, and I felt that I was indeed amongst true-hearted friends, as they embraced me with joy at my reappearance, and affectionately rubbed their noses against mine, to testify their regard for me, and their happiness at again seeing me. I thought it my duty to tell them my story, at which they were quite thunderstruck. I knew the tale would thereby soon travel to the Nooranoos, which I desired, as it would ill have shown my gratitude to the God who had so wondrously delivered me, to have allowed the means of that deliverance to increase the superstitions of these poor savages.

☞ Scroggins says he can't for the life of him understand why a gaming-house is called a hell; for if a man wanted to find a *pair-o'dice* upon earth, surely the discovery would be made there.

IMAGINATION.

"Why are you so cross, my darling?" said M. Melcourt to his daughter; "really there is no pleasing you, though every one in the house, including myself, is trying to do it."

"I can't help it, papa, I am weary of life."

"Weary of life, at eighteen? Oh! don't say that, child. If you only knew what it is to get old, and to find life fading away from you, you would not speak thus. Weary of life! Is there anything that could reconcile you to it? I have fifty thousand francs a year, entirely at your disposal, besides the affection of a father that has only you to love in the whole world."

"Dearest father, I wish you had been my mother."

"Your mother! what a strange idea."

"Not at all, for I have a secret to confide that a mother only could understand, at least so I have found in all the books I have ever read; no one ever confides in their father."

"Except when that father has been both father and mother as I have been."

"Yes, but then you have promised my hand to the son of your old friend, M. Delmar, of Bordeaux—Jules Delmar—whom I can never love, and you will insist, no doubt, on my marrying him."

"I certainly shall, unless you can give a good reason why you should not."

"That is precisely my secret. I can give you a good reason why I should not marry this man—because, because I love another."

"Love another, good gracious! Why, who the devil can that other be? You have never been out of my sight, and I am at a loss to see who there is around us likely to strike a young girl's imagination?"

"You don't look far enough back. Do you remember my Cousin Charles?"

"My nephew, who was sent from Martinique to my care? Yes, to be sure I do; what of him? He has been away back to his father over six years now, and take six from eighteen there remains twelve. You couldn't be in love with anybody at twelve years old?"

"Oh! but I was, and a great deal sooner. You know my Aunt Judith taught us to read out of the books she was so fond of herself. Well, among them was Paul and Virginia. Now Paul remembered all about Martinique, and this book made a strange impression on us, children as we were, till at last we called each other Paul and Virginia, and when we were cruelly separated—"

"Cruelly separated?—why the boy went back to his father and his home."

"Yes, but that's just the way they sent away Virginia, you know, and Paul thought it cruel—so did Charles."

"Well, what happened then?"

"Why, before he went, we swore eternal love and fidelity for each other. 'Gabrielle,' said he, 'I am going far away; sent to Martinique just as they sent Virginia to France. In all probability, when you grow up to be a woman, your father, with the tyranny and injustice of all fathers—'"

"All fathers—am I unjust and tyrannical?"

"No, but all the fathers in the book we had read of were, and Charles thought at the time that printed books could not be wrong, so 'Gabrielle,' said he, 'when your father tries to give you to another, remember our solemn vows, and have the courage to resist him.' I swore I would be faithful, and so we parted."

"Six years ago; he was then fourteen, and you, as I said before, just twelve years old. Well, you have never met since then—"

"Never, of course, since; I have not left Paris, nor he Martinique."

"Nor have you corresponded with him?"

"Yes, I have corresponded with him."

"Good Heavens! I thought I saw all the letters that came into this house."

"Letters! you don't think we correspond by letter?—oh! no, indeed; no, it is through the medium of the moon that we correspond."

"The moon?—oh! I don't mind that kind of correspondence, though I should much like to know how it was managed?"

"Why, at a certain hour, when there was a moon, we agreed both to look at it, and we should know that at that moment each was thinking of the other."

"That shows that you and your precious cousin knew mighty little of geography and astronomy, or you would know that when the moon is shining in Paris, the sun is just rising in Martinique. However, you imagined that it was all right, and it did quite as well."

"Now you have my secret."

"And is this moonlight cousin of yours the only obstacle between Jules and yourself?"

"The only one, but an insuperable one."

"Nonsense; so far from being an insuperable one, I am going to fix your wedding-day, and to tell Jules that you are prepared to receive him as a suitor."

"I am your child; I dare not resist you; but remember, I warn you, my obedience will cost me my life."

"Your life! Why, Gabrielle, what do you mean?"

"I feel that this marriage will break my heart and drive me into consumption; and then, when you have lost me, when you shall stand weeping over my grave, you will remember the words of your poor, dear, fond, devoted, darling Gabrielle."

Monsieur Melcourt, with all his primness, could not stand his daughter's tears. If he had only given his word, he would have found means of being released from his promise, but he was under the deepest obligations to M. Delmar—owed him his fortune and even his life, for Delmar had saved him from suicide, and to break a promise to him, to dissolve a marriage on which his friend had set his heart, seemed like ingratitude. But he had never been accustomed to refuse his daughter anything, and he felt that after all he would have to yield; still he endeavored to temporise, and turning to Gabrielle—"Child," said he, "the object of my life is your happiness; rely on it, I will do all I can not to compromise it, only allow me to do it my own way."

"Of course, darling."

"Well, then, to-morrow Jules will be here. Promise me that you will receive him civilly."

"I promise anything."

"And you will be in a good humor and not go into a consumption?"

"Not as long as you let me have my own way."

The next day Gabrielle, to please her father, made herself as pretty as possible, and received her father's guest in the most amiable manner. It was a sacrifice she owed her father. She was not sorry, for of course love, true love, such as she felt for her Cousin Charles, was always destined to encounter persecution. She was a victim beyond all doubt; all she could do was, for the sake of her father, to bear her destiny.

The evening passed in the most agreeable manner. It was not violating in any way her faith to the absent lover to admit that Jules Delmar was exceedingly good-looking, that his conversation was interesting, because he possessed such varied information; and that he sang exceedingly well.

Jules continued to visit the house every day for a fortnight. By that time Gabrielle had arrived at the conclusion that she wished she had such a brother; but her father put an end to all her wishes and fancies by abruptly bringing her back to reality, and reminding her that Jules Delmar aspired to no such fraternal distinction, and that now the time had arrived for her to give her decision.

"Will you let me manage this affair myself? I know it is contrary to all rule, but—"

"Don't apologize, my dear Gabrielle, for I am only too happy to get rid of the job. I really did not know what to say to Jules, and much less did I know what to write to his father."

That evening, at a sign from his daughter, M. Melcourt sauntered into a room adjoining the drawing-room, saving appearances by leaving the door open. Then Gabrielle, who had rehearsed the scene all day in her own room, turned toward Jules:

"Monsieur Delmar," said she, "I have no mother; therefore you must excuse all that is unusual in what I am about to do."

"Of course you must be aware that I know of the arrangement between our families?"

"Of course I imagined you did."

"Well, Monsieur Delmar, a marriage between us is impossible."

"Impossible! You should not have waited until now—now that all my happiness is centered in you, now that I love you, to tell me this. But why is our marriage impossible?"

"Because I love another."

"Another?"

"Yes, and have loved him ever since I was ten years old."

"Where is he?—why have I never seen him?"

"*I* have never seen him since I was twelve years old. It is my cousin, Charles Melcourt, whom I love, and he has been for the last six years in Martinique."

"And you have loved him all this time? That proves you are capable of fidelity. Well, go on."

"That's all. I would have told you about the moon but that papa explained to me that there was a difference in the rising of the moon here and there. We used to correspond by the moon."

"Poetical but not astronomical."

"Monsieur Delmar, you are making fun of me."

"I am treating a disease of the imagination."

"A disease of the imagination?"

"Yes, your love for Charles is a disease of the imagination, and if it is the only obstacle that prevents our marriage, all I can say is, dear Gabrielle, fix the wedding-day."

"Then you will be content to take my hand without my heart."

"I shall have your heart; you will love me, and I shall be your first love, for you have never loved before. Come, dearest Gabrielle, come, fix yourself our wedding-day."

"Never!" exclaimed Gabrielle; "I am resigned to my fate; I will obey my father, but never will I with my own lips pronounce my own doom."

"But you will be my wife—you will keep the contract made by our two fathers—will you not?"

"I will sacrifice myself to my father's honor," replied Gabrielle, with all the dignity she could assume.

Gabrielle from that hour assumed the attitude of a sublime victim. Her father was much concerned, and the threatened consumption seemed to frighten him, but Jules, now his ally, laughed away his fears, appearing not to notice the melancholy downcast looks and the deep sighs of his intended.

Gabrielle's grief did not prevent her from paying great attention to her trousseau, and when the victim was led to the altar it was at least most admirably adorned.

M. Melcourt had made it one of the conditions of the marriage that the young couple should reside with him; but Jules, though he was delighted to remain with the fine, spirited old man, resolved that he himself should take charge of his wife's special establishment. A suite of apartments was furnished, and though they had been together but three months, it was astonishing how well he had divined Gabrielle's peculiar tastes and fancies. The carriage he gave her was one of the prettiest at the Bois de Boulogne; her husband was the most charming companion, the most attentive of lovers; in fact life was an enchantment, but Gabrielle fought vigorously against the conviction, and tried to convince herself that she was not happy. She resumed her moon-gazing and sighed whenever she was not laughing.

Jules Delmar always allowed his wife to indulge her caprices, and though sometimes on the sharp Parisian winter nights he shivered when she opened the window to look at the moon, he never made the slightest observation.

One day Gabrielle sat alone in her boudoir trying to recall the perfection of her first and only love, and finding always her husband's handsome, intelligent, impudent face rise up before her, when her valet entered the room, and announced that a gentleman wished to see her.

"What is his name?"

"Madame, he did not give his name, but he told me to tell you that he came from Martinique."

"From Martinique? Admit him instantly."

In another moment the door opened and a young man who seemed to have outgrown his strength, so tall was he and so light, entered the room. Gabrielle gazed at him for an instant and then coldly informed him that she was Madame Melcourt—what was it he desired?

The gentleman had not inspired her with any confidence or sympathy; he had a very small head, with a mass of straight, black hair, features that were regular without expression, with dull, sleepy eyes, that wandered about with a sort of appealing, helpless, vacant gaze.

"My dear cousin," said the gentleman with a low giggle, "don't you know me? I am Charles."

"Charles?" Here Gabrielle fell on her knees before him and burst into tears while she sobbed out these words:—

"Oh, Charles, Charles, forgive me!"

Charles looked exceedingly embarrassed, then murmured—

WIT AND HUMOR.

A Racy Debate.

In the Canadian House of Assembly, some time since, they had quite a spirited debate on the bill to prohibit the use of hoops and crinoline, introduced by Mr. Aikens. We publish a few of the most brilliant passages:

Mr. Drummond was an ardent admirer of hoops from childhood. He was born with a love of hoops. When he was a child of tender growth, he used to trundle his hoop, all unconscious of the fate that was in store for him. Later in life, he swallowed a ring, which resulted in a hooping-cough, and even now the sight of an empty hogshead brought tears into his eyes.

Mr. Brown complained that it was impossible now to choose a wife, since her defects were so hidden by hoops and enveloped in crinoline that the naked—

Speaker—Order.

Mr. Brown—Mr. Speaker—

Speaker—The honorable gentleman is out of order.

Mr. Brown—But, Mr. Speaker, the naked—

Speaker—Hold your tongue, sir.

Mr. Brown—The naked—

Speaker—Upon my soul, Brown, silence, or I'll have you arrested.

Mr. Brown—Permit me to explain, Mr. Speaker. When I said the naked—

Speaker (yelling)—Clear the galleries of ladies, Mr. Sergeant.

Mr. Brown—In the name of the seventeen graces and the fifteen muses, Mr. Speaker, let me apologize: I only meant to say that hoops and crinoline have reached to such a rotundency that it was impossible to arrive at the naked—

Speaker (frantically)—Death and blue devils! Stop, or I'll brain you with the mace. Consider the impropriety of—

Brown (wildly)—Truth! truth! truth! Naked truth was what I was going to say.

Mr. Dunbar Ross understood his honorable friend to say that people could not pass along the streets without being assaulted by highwaymen. Now, surely, the honorable member from Lake Ontario could not but be aware that the character of every member of the House was affected by such dam—

Mr. Talbot objected to such unparliamentary language.

Mr. Ross protested against interruption. He was going to say by such dam—

Mr. J. Cameron—The honorable member should not swear in that dreadful manner.

Mr. Ross—Wasn't doing anything of the kind, but would be tempted to do so if not allowed to finish his sentence; but such a dam—[order, order]—a dam—[confusion]—he would repeat it—by such dam—[tremendous uproar.]

Mr. Wright stood up and moved, amidst the wildest confusion, that Mr. Ross be expelled from the House for such awful language.

Mr. Ross (black in the face) exclaimed that *damaging statement* was all he meant to say when he was interrupted by a fool—

Mr. Talbot—Who's a fool?

Mr. Ross—Foolish ass—

Mr. Cameron—Who's an ass?

Mr. Ross (wildly)—Foolish assertion of profanity.

Incontrovertible Evidence.

Old Plumbob keeps a boarding-house—where, it matters not where. Some months since he lost his wig; said wig having, in conjunction with several other articles, been abstracted from his bedroom some time between the hours of dusk and daylight.

Vigorous measures were at once adopted for the detection of the thief, all of which, however, proved unavailing, and Plumbob was at length obliged to abandon the task, sorely against his will.

"Not that I care for the value of the goods," said he, "half so much as I wish to have the rascal brought to justice."

Gradually the excitement, subsequent to the affair, blew over in a manner, and matters settled down into their old quiet way, and thus continued until one evening, as the boarders were all discussing their suppers, when one of them suddenly exclaimed—

"I'll be switched if I don't believe I've found out to a certainty who stole the landlord's wig."

"The thunder you have!" ejaculated Plumbob, springing to his feet, in ecstasies at the prospect of seeing the offender receive his deserts. "Who is it? Say quick—who is it? Just let me know where I can get on his track, and I'll have him snatched up in the snap of an eye."

"Well," said the boarder, in the cautious tone of one who is about to unravel some hitherto unaccountable mystery; the landlord, meanwhile, eyes and mouth open, waiting in breathless eagerness for the developement, "I've had my suspicions for some time past, but now I'd be almost willing to take my oath that the theft was committed by a person in your own household, that person being none other than your own cook, for I have found no less than three hairs in that plate of hash. Conclusive proof, I should say."

Any person who has ever beheld a countenance whereon was depicted a mingled expression of hope dispelled and "dander riz," can form some idea of the effect of his reply upon old Plumbob.

A Very Great Rascal.

Two young lawyers, Archy Brown and Thomas Jones, were fond of dropping into Mr. Smith's parlor and spending an hour or two with his only daughter, Mary. One evening, when Brown was there, and he and Mary had discussed almost every topic, Brown suddenly in his sweet tones, struck out as follows:

"Do you think, Mary, you could leave father and mother, this pleasant home, with all its ease and comforts, and emigrate to the Far West with a young lawyer, who had but little besides his profession to depend upon, and with him search out a new home, which it should be your joint duty to beautify, and make delightful and happy, like this?"

Dropping her head softly on his shoulder, she whispered:

"I think I could, Archy."

"Well," said he, "there's Tom Jones, who's going to emigrate, and wants to get a wife; I'll mention it to him."

☞ We hear of a young lady in town who is so large-hearted that it has made her round-shouldered.

☞ One of our confectioners advertises broken hearts for thirteen cents per pound!

TOO CLEVER BY HALF!

TERRIBLE LITTLE GIRL.—"Oh, aunty, baby's mouth is so funny—it's just like yours before you get out of bed—no, not one tooth!"

A GOOD GUN.—At the —— Hotel, in Cairo, they are not noted for despatch in filling orders for meals. If a warm dinner is ordered some time is taken to cook it. Not long since I stopped there, and sat down at a table with an elderly gentleman, who ordered squirrel. I waited some time for my dinner, but was almost through, and the old gentleman was still waiting for his squirrel. But his patience was at last exhausted, and he beckoned the steward to him and said:

"Has the man got a good gun?"

"What man?" asked the steward.

"The man that's gone to shoot the squirrel I ordered," said the old gentleman, with great gravity.

Just then I choked, and did not hear the steward's answer, but I saw him disappear, and in a few seconds the old gentleman was devouring his squarrel with apparent relish.

Caprices of Bees.

It is a peculiarity of bees that they will suffer some men to handle them with impunity. Wildman was a man who seems to have had an unusual attraction for them, or command over them, as he termed it, though it is not easy to comprehend how a man could have command over four thousand or five thousand insects. On one occasion he paid a visit to Dr. Templeton, the then Secretary of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, to prove to him how completely bees submitted to his influence. He was brought through the city in a sedan chair, and, it is to be presumed, into the doctor's room, for when he presented himself his head and face were covered with bees, and a huge cluster of them hung down like a beard from his chin. Notwithstanding this novel appendage, he conversed with the ladies and gentlemen who were present for a considerable time, without disturbing the insects, and finally dismissed them to their hives without anybody being stung. The fame of his performance having reached Lord Spencer, he invited him to Wimbledon to meet a large party of his friends. The countess had provided three stocks for the occasion. He first took one of the hives and emptied the living occupants into his hat to show that it was not necessary to destroy the bees in order to deprive them of their honey. He next presented himself with a colony hanging about his head and from his chin, and then stepping out of a window on to the lawn, where he had directed a table covered with a clean cloth to be placed, he put them back into the hive. He then made them come out again and swarm about in the air, after which he caused them to settle on the table, and from thence he took them up by handfulls, and poured them out of his hands as if they had no more feeling than pebbles, and finally concluded this portion of the entertainment by causing them to re-enter their hives.

His lordship was too unwell to be present at these experiments, so, later in the afternoon, he was taken into his lordship's room with all three of the stocks hanging about him at one time, one on his head, one on his breast, and the other on his arm, from which places he afterwards transferred them to his head and face, so that he was quite blinded, and was led in this condition to the front of his lordship's window. He next requested that a horse might be brought round, which was done, the horse having been first well clothed to guard against accidents. First taking the bees out of his eyes that he might see what he was about, he mounted the horse with the bees hanging about him, and rode backwards and forwards repeatedly, until the company had seen enough of his performance, when he dismounted and placed the bees on the table, from whence he dismissed them to their respective hives. It is worthy of remark that though there were a great many persons present on this, as on the previous occasion, yet nobody was stung. It is, in reality, impossible to explain why they should favor one individual more than another, but they certainly do so; it is related of a Duchess of Rutland that a swarm followed her all the way from the country to a house in Berkeley Square, where they were hived. Accident has sometimes led to what Wildman did with design. A woman named Bennet, living near Birmingham, was beating a frying-pan with a key to keep the swarm from going away, when they all at once settled upon her head and shoulders. Luckily for her she was a woman of nerve, and, instead of making efforts to brush them off, which would have probably caused her to be stung to death, she kept quiet, notwithstanding an occasional sting from bees which had crawled underneath her clothes, and which were probably irritated from being unable to get out. When the evening came, they were hived in the usual way.—*All the Year Round.*

☞ Long words, like long dresses, frequently hide something wrong about the understanding.

THE REAL BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.—So wide has been the circulation of the "Bride of Lammermoor," and so completely has the novelist contrived to naturalize the creation of his fancy, that few of his admirers will be inclined to believe us when we assure them that the true tradition is that the bridegroom stabbed the bride, and further, that the tragedy occurred at Baldoon many days after the marriage, and neither on the wedding night nor at the bride's father's residence. Moreover, the first Lady Stair was not "notoriously harsh and hard," but an excellent, witty and accomplished woman, although she was doubtless that which Sir Walter Scott disliked, a most decided Presbyterian. Young Ravenswood, also, is quite unknown in Galloway tradition, which indignantly disowns "Bucklaw" as a prototype of Dunbar, who was a brave and fascinating youth, whom, lastly, the fair maid married of her own free will, and clung to with devoted affection. Sir Walter Scott, it must be owned, did not altogether originate the ill-natured story, which this testimony from an Episcopal curate, had he read it, might have tempted him to disbelieve; but having adopted it, his skillful handling has thrown the halo of romance over a mere fiction, which party spirit made the means of a wanton attack on the rising house of Stair.

☞ A pleasant story is told of a rather aged lady who has recently married a young and fast man, quitting him at the station when he was going *en voyage* for some private affairs. After an embrace of the most loving character, she put her head into the carriage and said, "*Cher* Charles, remember that you are married." To which he replied, "*Chere* Caroline, I will make a memorandum of it," and at once tied a knot in his handkerchief.

☞ A modest young man, at a dinner party, the other evening, put the following conundrum: "Why are most people who eat turkey like babies?" No reply. The modest man blushed and would have backed out, but finally gave the reason: "Because they are fond of the breast." Two middle-aged ladies here fainted, and the remains of the young man were carried out by the coronor on a shutter.

☞ CLEANLINESS.—An old washerwoman would hang her clothes to dry on the railings of a church, and after repeated prohibitions from the church wardens, she at last came out with the following burst of eloquence:—"Lord bless ye, sir, ye wouldn't a go an' take the bread out of my mouth, would ye? 'sides, sir, *cleanliness comes next to godliness*, parson says."

☞ A sow, only one year old, belonging to Richmond Hathaway, of Warren, Mass., gave birth, a few days ago, to twenty-two pigs, all of which are alive and doing well.

AGRICULTURAL.

Wonderful Effect of Rain After Drought.

The past summer has demonstrated what can be done by rain. In the middle of the season, and after, the rains commenced. The crops had suffered from the drought—and the fall crops, such as potatoes, buckwheat, &c., were considered lost beyond recovery. This was so in some states. But the miracle has been accomplished; potatoes are a success, greater than for many years; buckwheat the same. It was in consequence of the timely rains, which just afforded every time sufficient moisture for the most rapid growth. Now, there is no doubt but that the drought had prepared the ground for this rapid growth, either by heat changing the chemical properties of the soil and the manure in it, or the absence of water having an effect, or some other reason. It is known that the rain which falls after a drought has more fertility than before. This is in consequence of the accumulation of fertile gases in the atmosphere, which rain carries down.

Another thing, and that important. We have found that soil made mellow, deep, is still better against both wet and drought. Hence the use of sub-soil ploughs; hence the use of deep tillage. The whole secret, then, as we have more thoroughly learned this season than ever, is deep, rich, mellow tillage. We have satisfied many people the past season—which was an unusual dry one in many parts of the country—of this one thing—this benefit. Need we take the reader into the field? Or will he take the pains to satisfy himself? Keep the cultivator going: you cannot stir the soil too much—the more the better, and the richer the better.

This is the grand preventive against drought; and it is the only practicable one for the farmer. We must look to this thing, for drought is our great enemy in the West. By guarding against it in the way specified, we not only prevent it, (in its effect,) but at the same time greatly improve the soil, both in fertility and easy working, as well as in killing weeds. We shall continue to enforce this subject. Its observance is worth millions to each state.—*Valley Farmer.*

Smoke for Wounds.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman mentions the case of a horse, which was just ready to die of an old and festered wound. Fortunately, he adds, at this stage of the case, an old Pennsylvania teamster came to our relief, and recommended smoking with old shoes. A smoke was made of old shoes, soles and all cut in pieces, in a hog trough, and placed under the swollen parts. In a few hours the swelling wholly subsided, and the sore commenced discharging matter—the horse was saved.

Some years after this I heard two persons talking about a horse which had been gored in the abdomen. In this case everything had been tried in vain. The poor creature must die. At my suggestion he was smoked, and when I next heard from him the old horse was well. So much for old wounds.

In the same year I cut my foot with an axe. The lady of the house, seizing the foot while it was yet bleeding freely, held it over a pan containing smoking tag-locks. In a few minutes the bleeding stopped, and the smoke was removed, and a bandage applied to protect it from accidental blows. The wound *never maturated*, and consequently *never pained me*. I have seen this remedy tried in many similar cases, and always with the same results. Let the reader bear in mind that no liniment or salve, drawing or healing, should be applied. You have merely to smoke the wound well, and nature will do the rest.

I suppose the smoke of burning wood would produce the same results, but it would not be so manageable. There is a principle in the smoke of wood, which, when applied to the flesh, coagulates the albumen, thus rendering it unsusceptible of putrefaction. The same principle stops bleeding by coagulating the blood. It promotes healing, and may be applied with decided benefit to almost all ulcers, wounds and cutaneous diseases.

CLEANING TOMATO AND OTHER SEEDS.—To clean tomato and cucumber seeds, and others having a pulp attached, says a correspondent of the American Agriculturist:—"Put the seeds, pulp and all, just as they come from the vegetable, into a bowl, cup or other earthenware dish, and set them in a cool place for a week or ten days, when a thick mould will appear on top, and a thin watery substance beneath the mould. Then pour water into the vessel, stir up the contents, and the mould and other impurities can be poured off, and the seeds will be found perfectly clean and free from pulp." Having tried this two years, the writer knows it does not injure the germinating properties of the seeds, and is the easiest way to remove the pulp.

TO MEASURE CORN ON THE COB.—A correspondent of the Canada Farmer says:—"To estimate the quantity of shelled corn on the cobs in any given space, level them, and measure the length, breadth and depth; then multiply these dimensions together, and the product by four. Cut off the last figure and you will have the number of bushels of shelled corn, and the decimal of a bushel. If you desire to know the number of bushels of cars, multiply by eight instead of four."

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

THANKSGIVING PLUM PUDDING.—A pound of suet, cut in pieces not too fine, 1 lb. of currants, 1 lb. of raisins stoned, 4 eggs, ½ a grated nutmeg, 1 oz. of citron and lemon peel, shred fine, a teaspoonful of beaten ginger, ½ lb of bread crumbs, ½ lb. flour, and a pint of milk; beat the eggs first, add ½ the milk, beat them together, and by degrees stir in the flour, then the suet, spice and fruit, and as much milk as will mix it together very thick; then take a clean cloth, dip in boiling water, and squeeze dry. While the water is boiling fast put in the pudding, which should boil at least five hours.

CALF'S FOOT JELLY.—To four large, well cleaned legs put four quarts of water; let it simmer slowly till reduced to two quarts; when the meat is tender and leaves the bones, take off the kettle and strain the whole through a colander. Let the jelly cool in the same room gradually; when cold remove with a silver spoon all the top fat; put the jelly into your preserving kettle, leaving the sediment at the bottom of the dish. Put to the jelly in the kettle the beaten whites and shell of six eggs, the strained juice of three large lemons, the thinly pared rind of one of the lemons, one pound and a half of the best loaf sugar, crushed with a rolling-pin, one pint of white wine, a large nutmeg, a teaspoonful of ground cinnamon. Allow it to melt gradually, and do not stir it after it has melted; as the scum accumulates on one side, take it off. Have ready two straining bags, made of cotton or linen, sewed on small wooden hoops; into one bag put a large teaspoonful of brown sugar, if you wish a deep color to the jelly, which is to be poured upon it. Do not squeeze the bags—it will make the jelly muddy. When the jelly is in cover the aperture of the bags. Should it not run clear, return it to the bag. When the jelly has passed through the bags, let it remain in the same room till it becomes solid. When cool fill up glasses with a spoonful from one dish, and from the other, alternately; or, if you choose, keep them in separate glasses. Calf's foot jelly looks best broken up in glasses.

PUMPKIN PUDDING.—Take one pint of pumpkin that has been stewed soft and pressed through a colander; melt in half a pint of warm milk a quarter of a pound of butter and the same quantity of sugar, stirring them well together; one pint of rich cream will be better than milk and butter; beat eight eggs very light, and add them gradually to the other ingredients alternately with the pumpkin; then stir in a wine glass of rose-water and two glasses of wine, mixed together, a large teaspoonful of powdered mace and cinnamon, mixed, and a grated nutmeg. Having stirred the whole very hard, put it into a buttered dish and bake it three-quarters of an hour.

DOUGH-NUTS.—Take three pounds of flour, one pound of butter, one and a half pound of sugar; cut the butter fine into the flour; beat six eggs light, and put them in; add two wine glasses of yeast, one pint of milk, some cinnamon, mace and nutmeg; make it up into a light dough, and put it to rise. When it is light enough roll out the paste, cut it in small pieces, and boil them in lard.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 18, 16, 14, 6, is a unit of measure.
My 12, 19, 5, 16, is a boy's name.
My 17, 8, 3, 16, was a weight formerly used in Scotland.
My 1, 9, 15, 16, 4, 13, is a mechanic.
My 10, 4, 7, 19, 3, 17, 8, 15, 11, was an ancient Egyptian monarch.
My 5, 18, 16, is a very small but useful instrument.
My whole is the name and place of residence of the inventor of the Riddle called "Triple Rebus." S. HORACE G.
Cincinnati, O.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a bag.
My second is a prefix.
My third are very necessary attributes of society.
My fourth is a part of the human body.
My whole is a river in one of the United States. S. HORACE G.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in lock, but not in bolt.
My 2d is in horse, but not in colt.
My 3d is in bright, but not in dull.
My 4th is in pick, but not in cull.
My 5th is in lose, but not in find.
My 6th is in resist, but not in mind.
My 7th is in mouth, but not in eyes.
My 8th is in tarts, but not in pies.
My 9th is in sober, but not in tight.
My whole is hailed by all with delight.
Keokuk, Iowa. YATES.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a domestic animal.
My second is an agricultural tool.
My third is a violent stroke.
My whole is a religious denomination.
Cincinnati, Ohio. JOSEPH S. ROSS, Jr.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a division of time.
My second is a measure for liquids.
My whole is a city of Ohio.
Cincinnati, O. S. HORACE G.

A Question of Relationship.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Three men, A, B, and C, with their wives, D, E, and F, found a purse containing $170, which they divide in the following proportion:—A takes one-fourth as much as C, and C takes twice as much as B, and D receives for her share three times as much as F, whose share is only half as much as E's. From these proportions it is designed to find who was A's wife, her share being only one-half as much as his? ANDREW.
Mt. Carroll, Ill.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A mill-hopper in the form of a square pyramid, whose solid contents is 15½ feet, has one foot cut off its perpendicular altitude to make passage for the grain from the hopper to the mill-stone; the sides of its greater and less end are in the proportion of 4½ to 1. Required its contents. MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The superficial contents of a trapezium is 32.49 sq. chains, (sq. chain equals 16 rods.) What is the diagonal of a square having twice that area? CAPT. L. B. CHESTER.

☞ An answer is requested.

A Geometrical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The top of a ship's mast, 132 feet high, is just visible in the horizon, to an observer whose eye is 33 feet above the surface of the water. It is required to find the number of miles the ship is distant. D. E.
Carroll Co., Md.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What was Christopher Colon when he had only got half his growth? Ans.—A *semi-colon*, of course.

☞ Who was the first little boy mentioned in the Bible? Ans.—Chap. 1.

☞ Why does a fat dog not meditate? Ans.—Because he is not a thin cur.

☞ Why are apples which have been kept for some time like unmarried ladies? Ans.—Because they are often shrivelled and difficult to pare (pair.)

☞ When is a carpenter like a circumstance? Ans.—When he is employed in altering cases.

Answers to Last.

RIDDLE—The blood that is shed. DOUBLE REBUS—Washington, New Orleans, (Wren, Acre, Saw, Hiero, Impostor, Nail, George, Tiara, Onion, Narcissus.) CHARADE—Plantagenet, (Plant-age-net.)

Answer to D. Diefenbach's PROBLEM, published Oct. 15th:—100 4-5 feet. W. Siverly and Reuben Barto. 100.8 feet, Morgan Stevens and Jas. M. Greenwood.

Answer to Gill Bates' PROBLEM, same date: 241 hills of corn. Jas. M. Greenwood, Morgan Stevens, and the author.

I have found three answers to the PROBLEM by Artemas Martin, published Oct. 15th. One answer is 5 and 20; another answer is 10 and 20; and another answer is 16 and 9. Other answers to the problem might be found. Yours with respect, DAVID WICKERSHAM.
Clinton Co., Ohio.

A. Martin and R. Barto give the first answer, and W. Siverly the last.

PROCLAMATION!—GENERAL ORDERS, No. 28.—Whereas, General John Frost, aided by his Irresistible Warriors, "Boreas," "Hail," "Rain," "Snow," "Sleet" and "Dust," is about to invade the homes of loyal Northerners! with a severity unparalleled in the annals of our country, to enforce a draft that spares neither age nor sex, employing Provost Marshals that bid defiance to locks and bolts; and agents whose siren whispers through the shrinkage of a door or window cause countless miseries to the loyal people aforesaid—

☞ And Whereas, It is well known that a *set* of heartless allies of the said Gen. J. Frost & Co. vegetate in this city under the assumed name of Coal (Monopolizers) Dealers. And said dealers in Pennsylvania diamonds, anticipating the approach of the invaders, intend to raise the price of the black necessity from eleven to fifteen dollars per ton before the death of the old year, to the great discomfort of the poor.

Now, Therefore, This Proclamation is issued for the purpose of Emancipating the people from the tyranny of both the elemental intruders and exorbitant ☞ Coal Dealers, by fortifying their shrunken doors and windows with Browne's Metallic Weather Strips and Window Bands. These strips are made of vulcanized rubber, of various widths, from ⅜ to 1⅝ inches, firmly bound in zinc, that will neither shrink, warp nor split. They exclude wind, rain, snow, dust and noise. They more than pay their own cost the first year in coal and doctors' bills.

They can be applied to the tops, bottoms, sides and centres of single, double or sliding doors, windows and sky-lights of every description. They are warranted good for 5 years, winter and summer.

☞ For circular, with reference, price list, &c., address the Patent Weather Strip Company's agent,

CHARLES D. BAKER,
It 28 South Fifth St., Philadelphia.

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PUBLIC SPEAKERS, MILITARY MEN AND SINGERS, and all suffering from *Irritation of the Throat and Hoarseness* will be agreeably surprised at the almost immediate relief afforded by the use of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*." Their demulcent ingredients allay Pulmonary irritation, and, after public speaking or singing, when the throat is wearied and weakened by too much exercise, their use will give renewed strength to the vocal organs.

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 22d of Nov., by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, Mr. JESSE BELSHAW to Miss ELLEN GRAHAM, both of this city.

On the 14th of June last, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. JOHN H. HEFFING to Miss REBECCA YOUNG, both of this city.

On the 23d of Nov., by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. WILLIAM B. ABRANTS, U. S. N., to Miss CARRIE S. YOUNG, of Philada.

On the 24th of Nov., by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. JOSEPH W. MAYBURN to Miss KATE MASON, both of this city.

On the 28th of Nov., by the Rev. J. H. Alday, Mr. SAMUEL GERHARD to Miss ARABELLA, daughter of the Rev. M. B. Sonderling, M. D., both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 28th of Nov., WILLIAM STEVENSON DAVIS, in his 73d year.

On the 24th of Nov., MRS. CATHARINE REED, in her 76th year.

On the 30th of Nov., ANNE H., wife of Charles Rhoads.

On the 29th of Nov., EMMA P., wife of Wm. L. Ward, in her 36th year.

On the 29th of Nov., WILLIAM B. ENGLE, in his 57th year.

On the 28th of Nov., JAMES DICKSON, in his 51st year.

On the 27th of Nov., MATTHEW JOHNSON, in his 99th year.

On the 25th of Nov., CAROLINE R. BURNS, in her 39th year.

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PROSPECTUS

OF

THE HOOVER & MARSHALL OIL CO.

Office, No. 296 South FOURTH St., below Walnut, back room, first floor.

CAPITAL, $300,000; SHARES, $0,000; PAR VALUE, $10.

The property of this Company is situated on the Allegheny River, and embraced within a distance of about two-and-a-half miles from the town of Franklin, Venango county, Penna., and upon the same side of said river.

It consists of the entire working interest, (which is one-half of the Oil produced,) in a Lease and Oil Well located on the well-known "Hoover Farm," celebrated as among the first and most productive Oil Territories, and known as the "HOOVER & MARSHALL WELL."

The lease is for Ten Rods square with a frontage of a like number of rods upon the River, giving room for two more wells, and has an unexpired term of twenty-seven years. There is also a first-class ten horse Engine, Tubing, Tanks, and everything necessary to carry on successful operations.

The Well (which is a flowing and pumping one) has been in operation for three years, and, carelessly handled, has produced regularly from 100 to 112 bbls. per week (including stoppage), at times *Hoeing Eighteen Barrels* per day, yielding for the working interest of the Company about $30,000 annually. The Oil is superior, its lubricating qualities commanding for it $3 to $5 per barrel more than the oil from Oil Creek. This well, rightly handled and actively worked by the celebrated Patent Air Pump, leaves but little doubt of its being restored to its original production—from 40 to 50 barrels per day.

The other property of the Company consists in a valuable river tract of fifty acres in fee simple, adjoining the extreme borough line of Franklin, with a large boring surface facing the river, and also upon the creeks that run through the tract, thereby increasing boring surface, and enhancing greatly its value as oil territory. In addition to this, it has, from its contiguity to the county town of one of the most flourishing and rapidly growing towns of the State, a large surface value.

In the product of the wells of this region, there has ever been a remarkable uniformity, which, with the late valuable discovery of a 70 barrel well on the island opposite the "Hoover Farm," and the discovery of large and valuable producing wells all around the Company's property, (see extract below,) stamps the region as one of the most valuable oil territories. The Franklin *Citizen*, in noticing the new wells recently struck, says:

"One by Dale & Morrow, on October 12, on the Cochrane Farm, two miles below Franklin, which yielded 240 barrels at the first forty-eight hours' pumping, is considered good for 100 barrels. John Lee has also obtained a flowing well, on the Martin Farm, just above the Hoover, and nearly opposite the Cochrane, which flows over 50 barrels per day. Also, Mr. Hubs, who owns a lease on the Smith Farm, who has been pumping 4 barrels per day at 408 feet deep, sunk his well 421 feet, and struck a well giving 40 barrels per day. All these strikes have been within ten days, and the prospect of a number more in a short time."

Fifteen thousand shares have been set aside by the Company for the purpose of boring three more wells.

This region, with its oil wells so celebrated for their steadiness and durability, the great numbers of large flowing and pumping wells recently discovered, the superior quality of the oil as a lubricator, and the high prices always so readily obtained, with extraordinary shipping facilities, from the wells being located on the margin of the river, and only two-and-a-half miles from the railroad, unite to offer parties wishing to invest in oil territory safely, inducements of the highest character.

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Only a limited number of shares will be sold at $2 50 per share.

N. B.—Royalties having risen to one-half the oil, the Company expect to realize largely from leasing a portion of their tract held in fee simple.

dec10-3t T. S. PHILIPS, Treasurer.

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The Company owns the following interests:

1. The entire working interest in a lease of three (3) *acres*, on the celebrated SMITH FARM, on Allegheny River, five miles below the town of Franklin. On this lease is situated the *Hubbs Well*, now producing *thirty* (30) *barrels daily*, half which belongs to this Company. The derricks for two more wells are now being erected, and operations will at once be commenced. This region of the Alleghany River has been found to be highly productive; the new well lately struck on the LEE FARM is producing *forty* (40) *barrels per day*; also the new well on BRANDON ISLAND, is now pumping *sixty* (60) *barrels daily*, and increasing, besides other wells of twenty and thirty barrels in the immediate vicinity.

2. One-eighth (⅛) free interest in all the oil obtained in a lease on the H. M'CLINTOCK FARM, on Oil Creek, on which lease is situated two wells, producing *eighty barrels per day*. On this lease *three wells are now being drilled and near completion*, from which the Company will receive the *one-eighth of the Oil*. The Farm is well known from the fact the M'CLINTOCKVILLE PETROLEUM COMPANY own the land interest.

3. The 1-64 working interest in the following described lots on the celebrated HYDE AND EGBERT FARM, on Oil Creek.

In lot No. 3, on which there is a well now being tested.

In lot No. 4, on which is situated the *Turtle Well*.

In lot No. 6. On this lot the new *Egbert Well* is now being drilled, and from the fact that it joins lot No. 7, on which is situated the *Keystone Well, No. 4*, lately struck, it is expected that a large flowing well will be obtained on this lot.

In lot No. 8. This lot is situated between lots 7 and 9, known as the KEYSTONE LEASES, which have proved themselves to be the very best of territory. On this lot is situated the *Gettysburg Well*, which is now being drilled deeper, as the tools which had been fast are removed, and from the indications a large yield is expected.

In lot No. 15, on which preparations are being made to sink a well.

In lot No. 19. This lot is particularly well situated, adjoining the celebrated lot No. 28, on which is situated the now Flowing Well *Coquette*, said to be producing *six hundred barrels per day*, (the striking of this well advanced the Maple Shade Co.'s Stock from $17 to $34 per share.) Preparations will be at once commenced to sink a well on this lot.

In lot No. 20, which is advantageously situated from its proximity to the Keystone Leases and the Jersey Well.

In lot No. 21, on which is situated the celebrated *Jersey Well*, now producing about 300 *barrels per day*. This is one of the largest flowing wells on the Creek.

In lot No. 26, on which is situated the *Kepler Well*. The HYDE AND EGBERT FARM is acknowledged to be one of the best producing farms in the whole region.

The following remarks are taken from the financial columns of the Philadelphia *Press*, of Nov. 15th, 1864:—

"The excitement in oil stocks is still increasing, and the price of some of the producing companies have materially advanced. We notice the companies situated on the Hyde and Egbert farm, which is considered one of the best on Oil Creek, having rapidly advanced within the last few days. This is owing to some large wells having been lately struck on this property, one flowing about a thousand barrels per day, and one flowing two hundred barrels per day. The entire yield of this farm is now between fifteen hundred and two thousand barrels per day, and some of the companies located on the "Maple Shade," "Hyde Farm," "Rock," "Egbert," and "Mineral," have had their incomes doubled by the above new wells going down on this farm, on one of which the largest oil crevice yet found is said to have been struck."

4. One-seventh working interest in 2 acres and 18 perches on Cherry Run, on which is situated the *Reed Well*, now producing some 300 *barrels per day*. This well is one of the most reliable, and has been daily increasing, and the striking of it has proved the fact that Cherry Run property is among the most reliable and productive in the oil region.

5. The entire land interest in 12 acres, on Cherry Run, about three-fourths of a mile above the *Reed Well*. This property is well located, being all borable, and *five wells are now being drilled on it, two of which are near completion*, and, according to the leases granted, *five more wells are to be commenced on the property within one hundred days from Nov. 1, 1864*. This interest is expected to increase the yield of the Company to a large amount.

6. Forty acres, in fee simple, on Cherry Run, above the 12 acres owned by the Company. On the adjoining farms, great activity now exists, derricks being erected and wells drilled. Two derricks are *now* erected, and the development of this property will be prosecuted vigorously.

The following extracts are from an editorial of the *Public Ledger*, Nov. 19, 1864:

"One of the most remarkable features about the present oil excitement is that, while the territory known to possess oil is so rapidly extending in area, the older settled portions where most oil has been drawn off, is daily rising in price. The price, too, is higher than ever, being eleven dollars and a half per barrel at the wells now. Yet, all around Oil Creek new areas have been added of far greater extent than those before known. The whole of Cherry Run may be said to have come into the market, since the beginning of the year, and is now considered the most valuable territory anywhere to be found. Wells are supposed never to fail on it."

The Company are now receiving from their *producing interests, fifty-four* (54) *barrels of Oil daily*, which will enable them to pay a handsome and prompt dividend on its capital, also an *interest in 18 new wells in various stages of completion. Two on Alleghany River, from which they will receive half the Oil; three on* McCLINTOCK FARM, from which they will receive *one-eighth the Oil*; FIVE ON CHERRY RUN, *half the Oil*; TWO ON CHERRY RUN, *all the Oil*; *and* SIX ON THE HYDE AND EGBERT FARM.

If these wells have but the usual success, the production to the Company will be increased to a large amount within the next ninety days. dec3-2t

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